image
34
DEC
$1.95
$2.85
CANADA
FOR MATURE READERS
THE MAXX
TM
MEGAN, WE'VE GOT TO TALK.
DIRECT SALES
03411
7 09853 08102 9

image COMICS PRESENTS:

story & art
SAM KIETH

finishes
JIM SINCLAIR

lettering
KELL-O-GRAPHICS

color
STEVE OLIFF
and **OLYOPTICS**

logo
CHANCE WOLF

film output
TONY KELLY
and **KELL-O-GRAPHICS**

OLYOPTICS:
Steve Oliff and Tracey Anderson

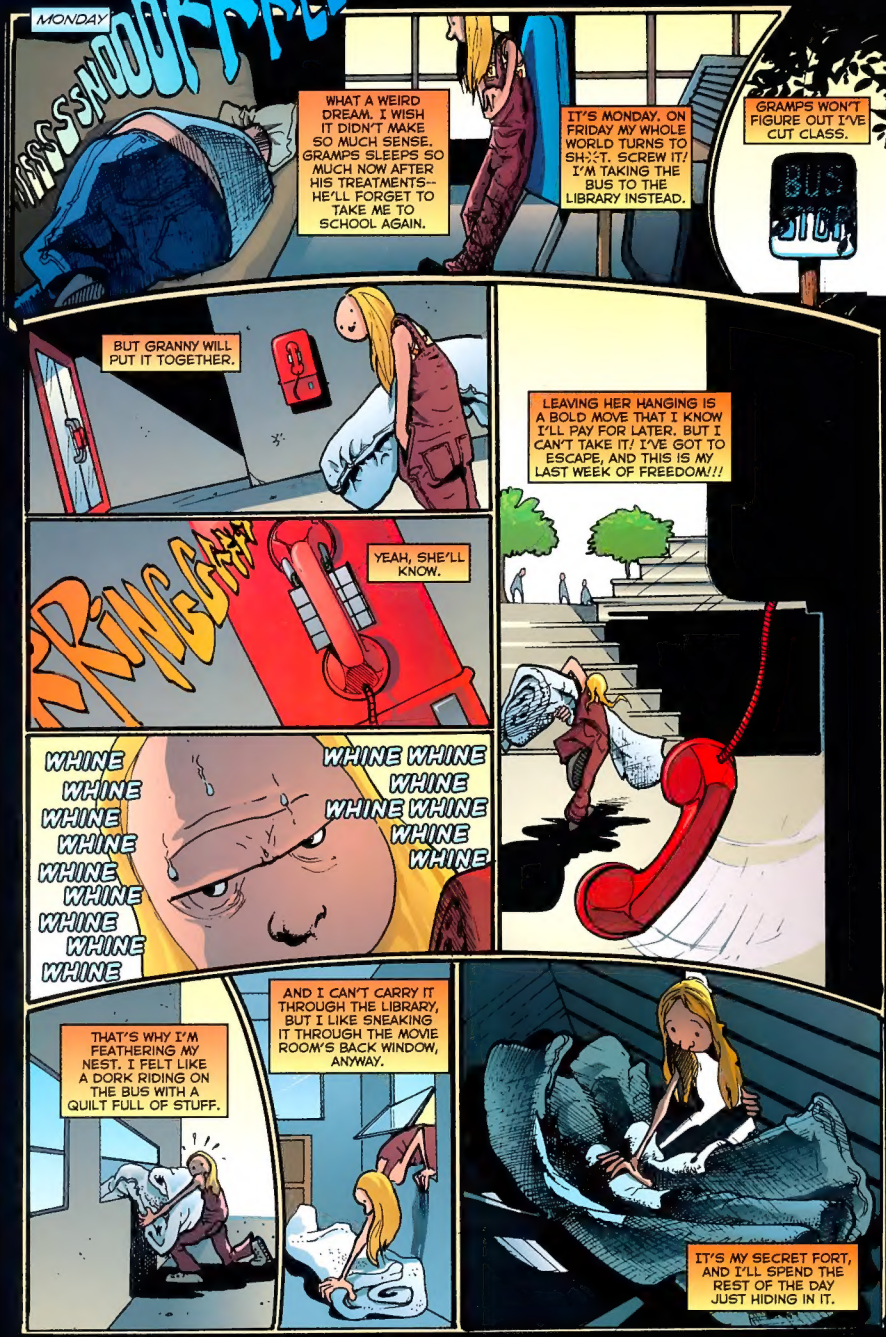
HEAD GARDENER:
Kathy Kieth

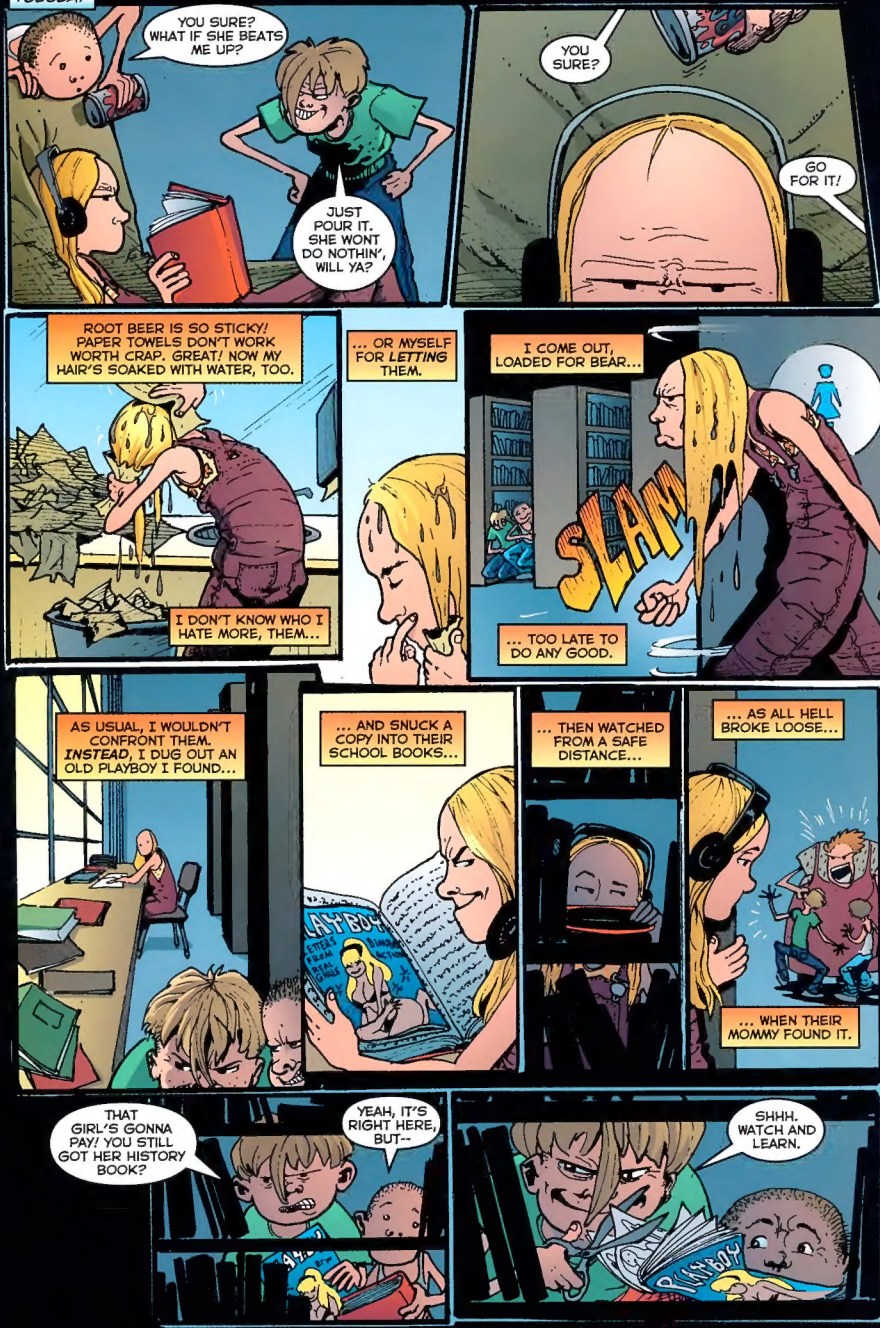
FOR IMAGE COMICS

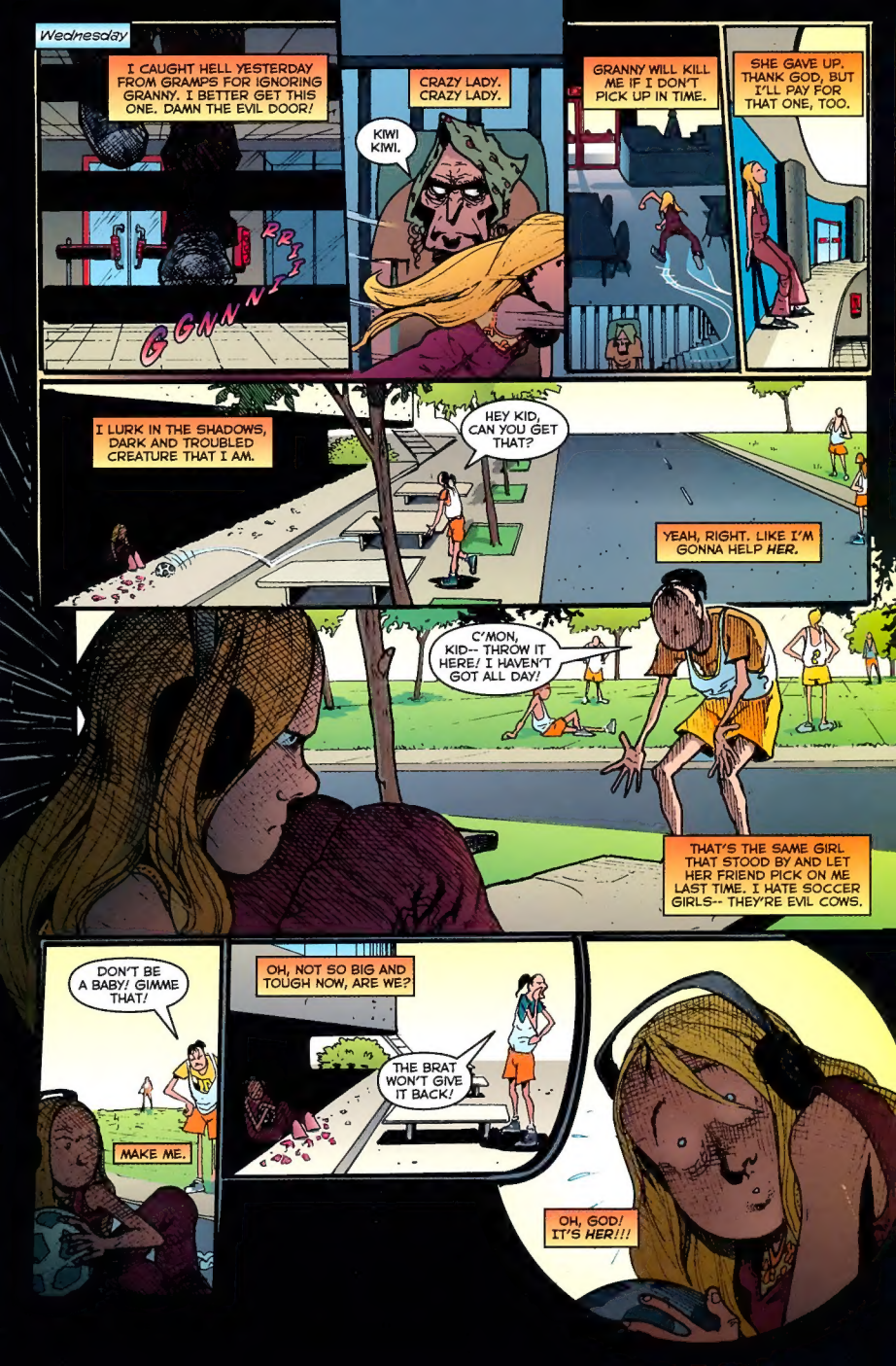
Executive Director:
LARRY MARDER
Art Director:
DOUG GRIFFITH
Director of Production:
RONNA VLADIC
Graphic Design:
KENNY FELIX
Communications Director:
BRENT BRAUN
Accounting Administrator:
LEE PATIN
Director of Sales:
BOB MATSON

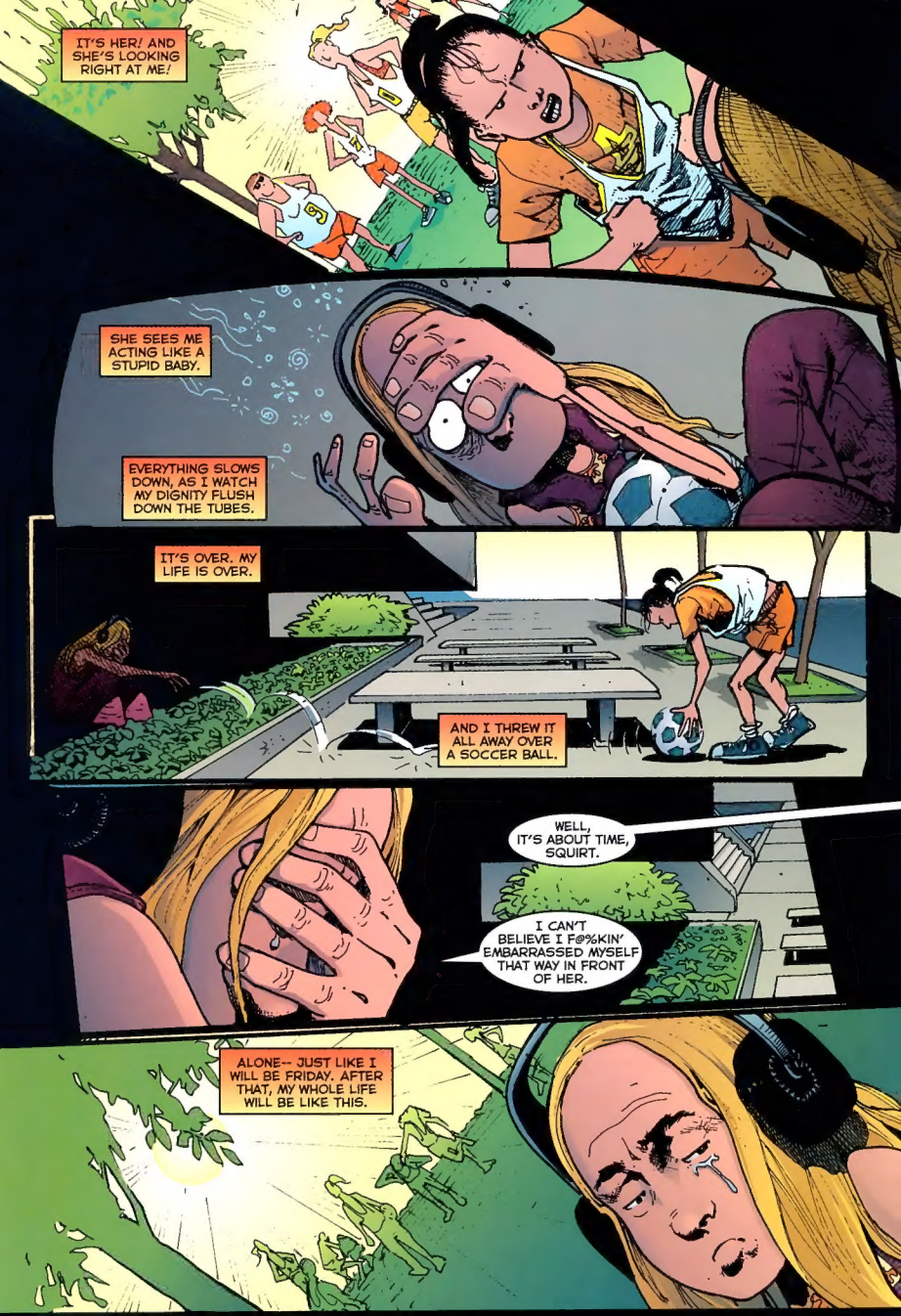
MAXX #34. DECEMBER 1997. FIRST PRINTING. An Image Comics Title published by Image Comics, 1440 N. Harbor Blvd, #305 Fullerton, CA 92835. Entire contents ™ and © 1997 Sam Kieth, all rights reserved. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Diapers scared ya, so we're back to lesbians. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Sam Kieth. ***Send correspondence to:*** **Sam Kieth, PO Box 2410, Orangevale, California, 95662**
e-mail: **skieth@webinfo.com**. Publishers and creator assume no responsibility for unsolicited materials or classified ads.
PRINTED IN CANADA.

I HAD THAT DREAM AGAIN.
MY GRANNY'S DIED AND I'M CHAINED TO HER DEAD BODY IN THE MIDDLE OF A DIRT ROAD.
I WANT TO ESCAPE, BUT I CAN'T. IT'S THE LAW. I HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HER.
GRAMPS JUST IGNORES ME. HE WON'T HELP.
IT'S SO UNFAIR! IF IT WASN'T FOR HER, I WOULDN'T BE HERE!
THEN I SEE IT COME...
I THINK I SEE SOMEONE DRIVING TOWARD ME...
... BEARING DOWN.
... BUT I'M NOT SURE.
THEN, JUST AS IT'S ABOUT TO HIT...
... A LOUD RINGING WAKES ME UP.
OH, CRAP! TIME FOR SCHOOL
VOCALS GROUPS
BRRRIIINGGGG!!!
KRR
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP
CHOMP

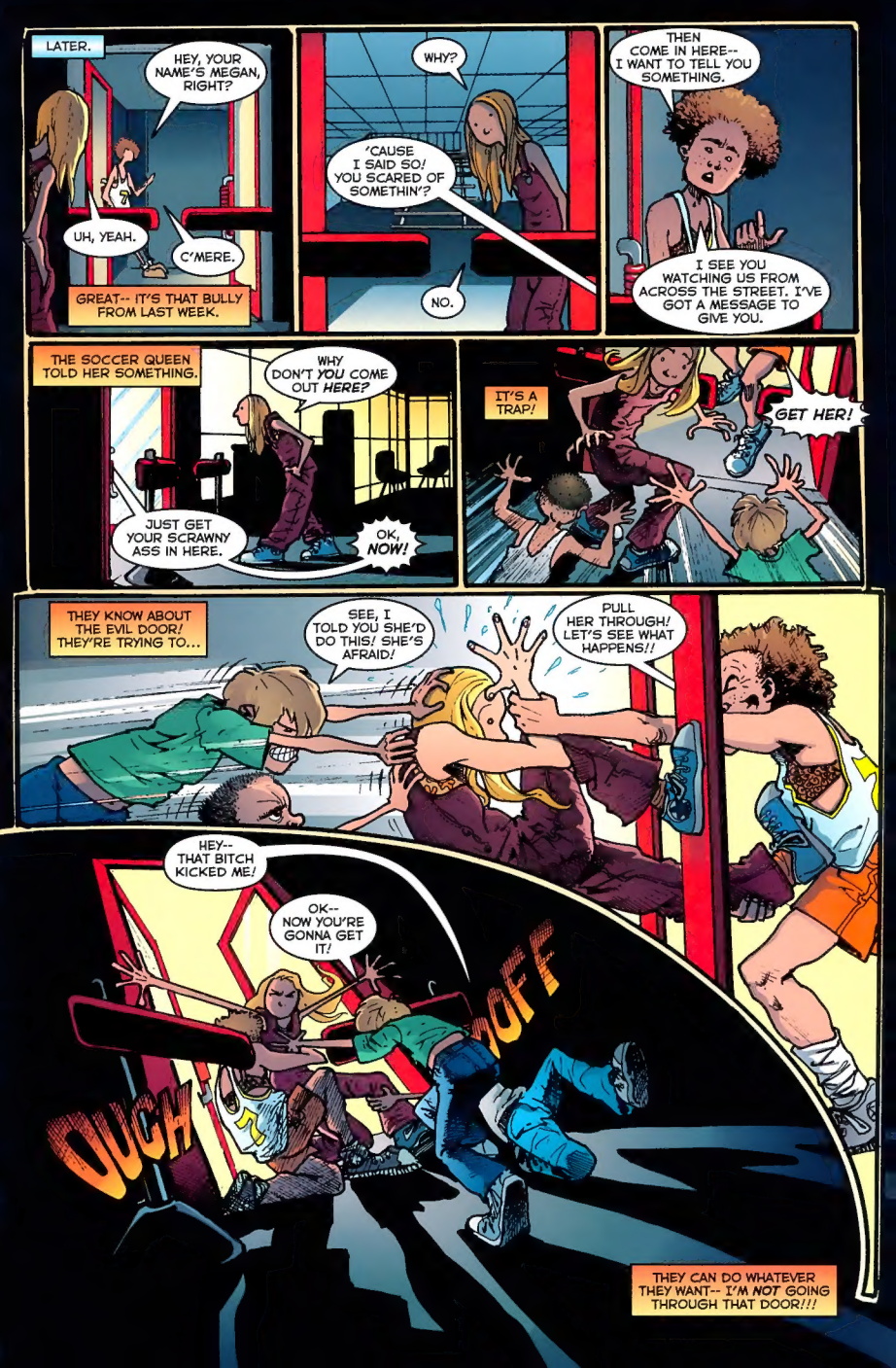

MONDAY
SNOOK
WHAT A WEIRD DREAM. I WISH IT DIDN'T MAKE SO MUCH SENSE. GRAMPS SLEEPS SO MUCH NOW AFTER HIS TREATMENTS-- HE'LL FORGET TO TAKE ME TO SCHOOL AGAIN.
IT'S MONDAY. ON FRIDAY MY WHOLE WORLD TURNS TO SH*T. SCREW IT! I'M TAKING THE BUS TO THE LIBRARY INSTEAD.
GRAMPS WON'T FIGURE OUT I'VE CUT CLASS.
BUS STOP
BUT GRANNY WILL PUT IT TOGETHER.
LEAVING HER HANGING IS A BOLD MOVE THAT I KNOW I'LL PAY FOR LATER. BUT I CAN'T TAKE IT! I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE, AND THIS IS MY LAST WEEK OF FREEDOM!!!
RINGGGG
YEAH, SHE'LL KNOW.
WHINE WHINE WHINE WHINE WHINE WHINE WHINE WHINE WHINE WHINE WHINE WHINE WHINE WHINE WHINE
AND I CAN'T CARRY IT THROUGH THE LIBRARY, BUT I LIKE SNEAKING IT THROUGH THE MOVIE ROOM'S BACK WINDOW, ANYWAY.
THAT'S WHY I'M FEATHERING MY NEST. I FELT LIKE A DORK RIDING ON THE BUS WITH A QUILT FULL OF STUFF.
IT'S MY SECRET FORT, AND I'LL SPEND THE REST OF THE DAY JUST HIDING IN IT.

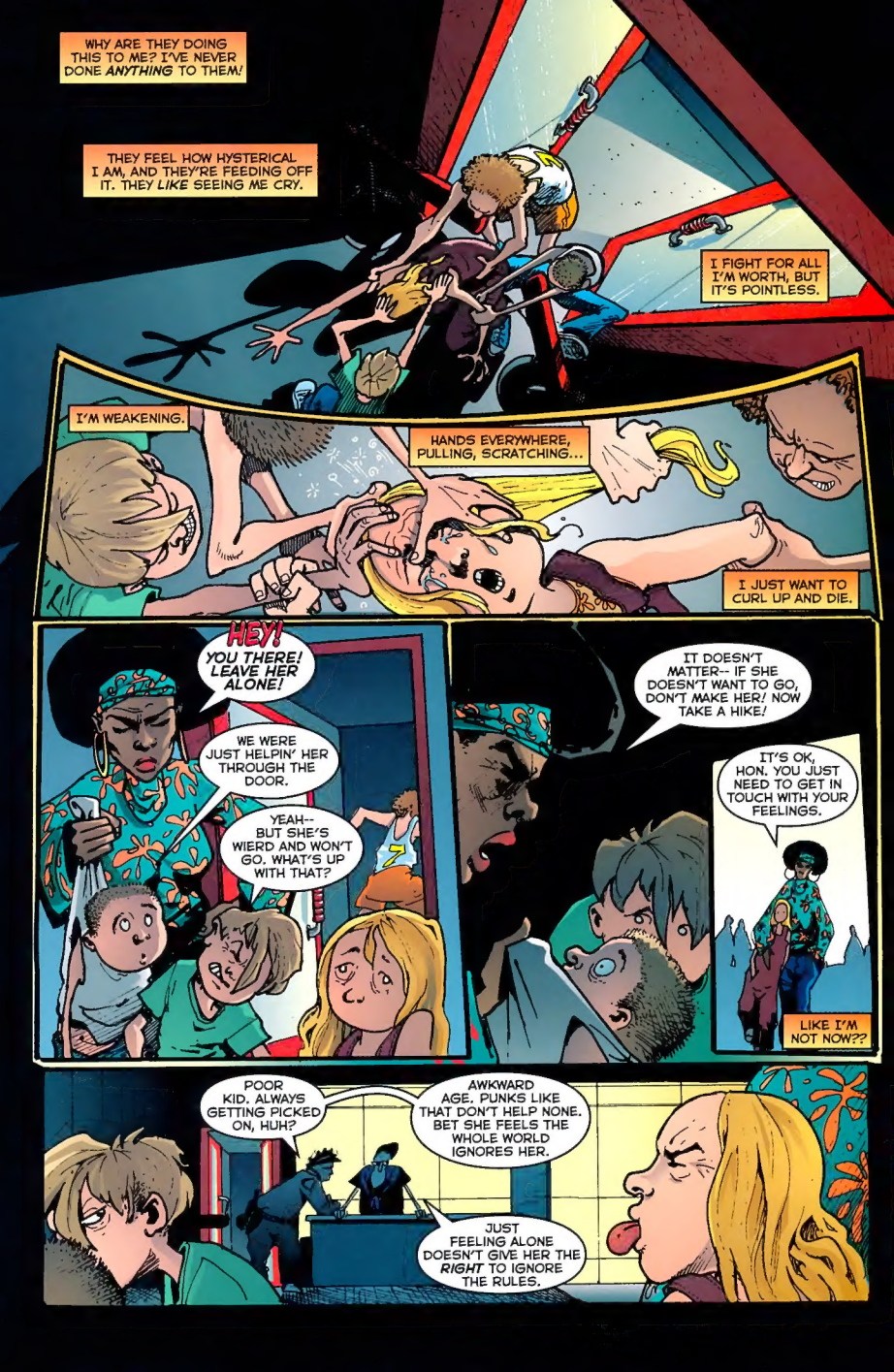

TUESDAY
YOU SURE? WHAT IF SHE BEATS ME UP?
JUST POUR IT. SHE WONT DO NOTHIN', WILL YA?
YOU SURE?
GO FOR IT!
ROOT BEER IS SO STICKY! PAPER TOWELS DON'T WORK WORTH CRAP. GREAT! NOW MY HAIR'S SOAKED WITH WATER, TOO.
I DON'T KNOW WHO I HATE MORE, THEM...
... OR MYSELF FOR *LETTING* THEM.
I COME OUT, LOADED FOR BEAR...
SLAM
... TOO LATE TO DO ANY good.
AS USUAL, I WOULDN'T CONFRONT THEM. *INSTEAD*, I DUG OUT AN OLD PLAYBOY I FOUND...
... AND SNUCK A COPY INTO THEIR SCHOOL BOOKS...
... THEN WATCHED FROM A SAFE DISTANCE...
... AS ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE...
... WHEN THEIR MOMMY FOUND IT.
THAT GIRL'S GONNA PAY! YOU STILL GOT HER HISTORY BOOK?
YEAH, IT'S RIGHT HERE, BUT--
SHHH. WATCH AND LEARN.

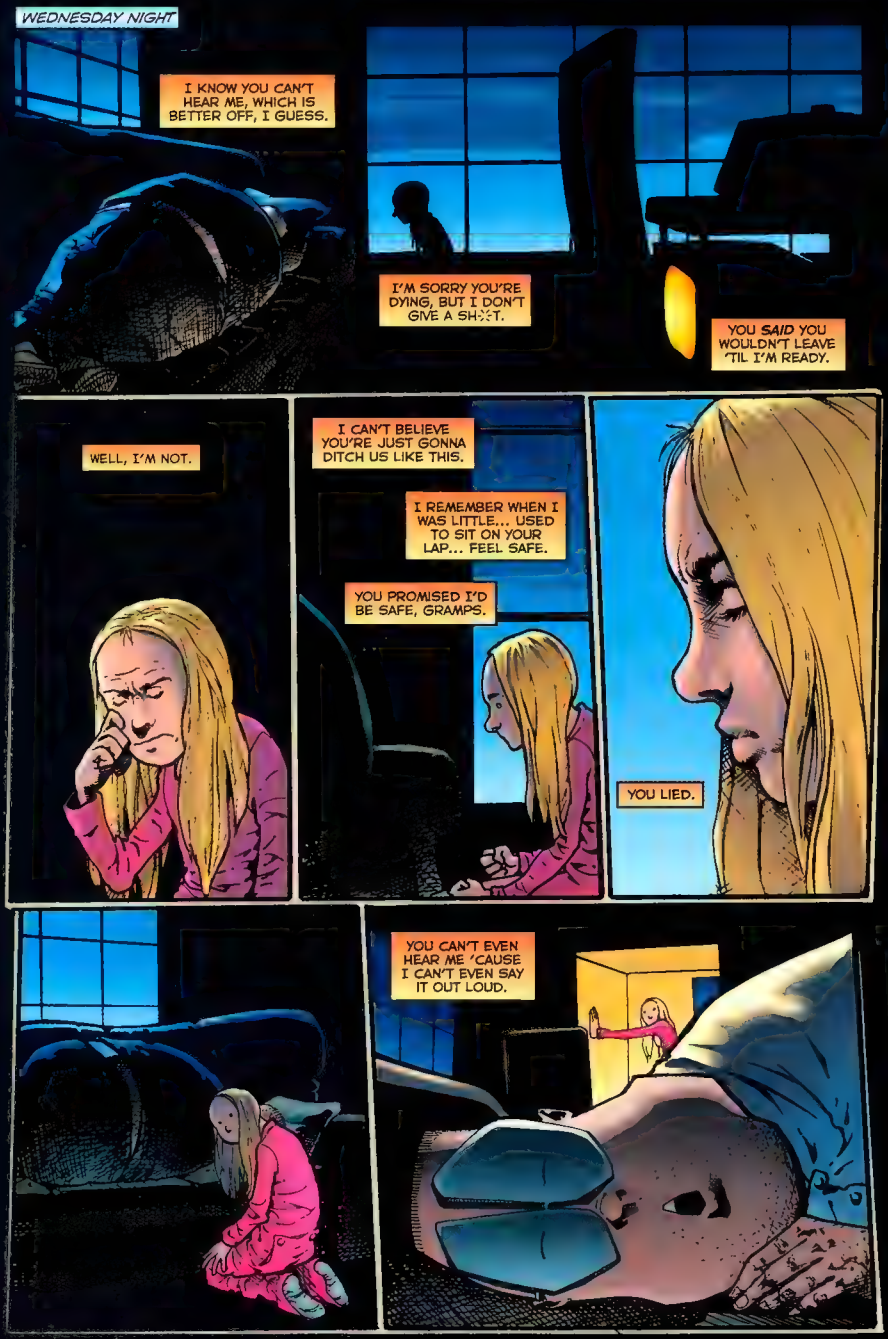

Wednesday
I CAUGHT HELL YESTERDAY FROM GRAMPS FOR IGNORING GRANNY. I BETTER GET THIS ONE. DAMN THE EVIL DOOR!
GGNNNRRII
CRAZY LADY. CRAZY LADY.
KIWI KIWI.
GRANNY WILL KILL ME IF I DON'T PICK UP IN TIME.
SHE GAVE UP. THANK GOD, BUT I'LL PAY FOR THAT ONE, TOO.
I LURK IN THE SHADOWS, DARK AND TROUBLED CREATURE THAT I AM.
HEY KID, CAN YOU GET THAT?
YEAH, RIGHT. LIKE I'M GONNA HELP HER.
C'MON, KID-- THROW IT HERE! I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY!
THAT'S THE SAME GIRL THAT STOOD BY AND LET HER FRIEND PICK ON ME LAST TIME. I HATE SOCCER GIRLS-- THEY'RE EVIL COWS.
DON'T BE A BABY! GIMME THAT!
MAKE ME.
OH, NOT SO BIG AND TOUGH NOW, ARE WE?
THE BRAT WON'T GIVE IT BACK!
OH, GOD! IT'S HER!!!

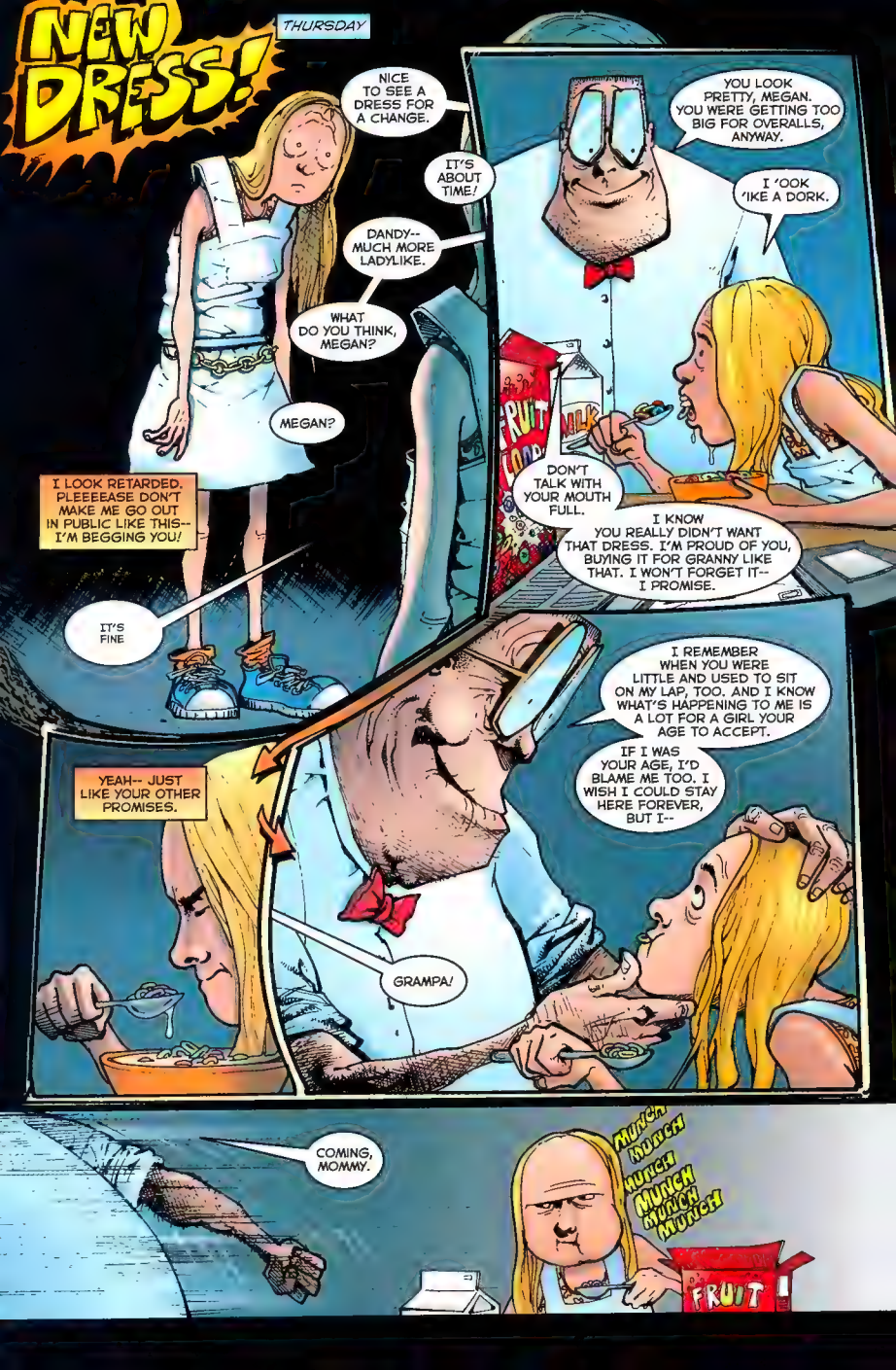

IT'S HER! AND SHE'S LOOKING RIGHT AT ME!
SHE SEES ME ACTING LIKE A STUPID BABY.
EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN, AS I WATCH MY DIGNITY FLUSH DOWN THE TUBES.
IT'S OVER. MY LIFE IS OVER.
AND I THREW IT ALL AWAY OVER A SOCCER BALL.
WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME, SQUIRT.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I F@%KIN' EMBARRASSED MYSELF THAT WAY IN FRONT OF HER.
ALONE-- JUST LIKE I WILL BE FRIDAY. AFTER THAT, MY WHOLE LIFE WILL BE LIKE THIS.

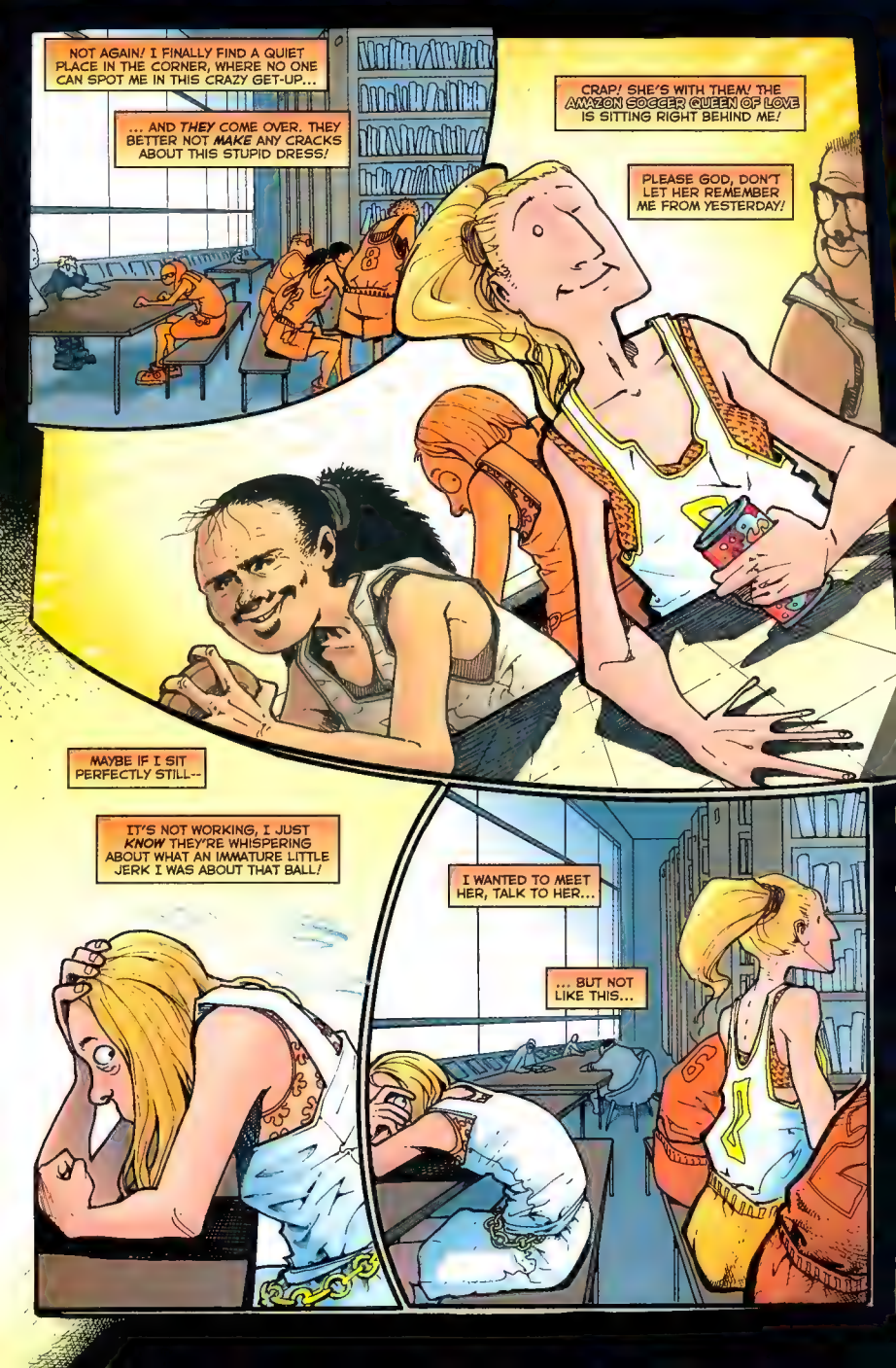
IT'S LOVELY, ISN'T IT. EVERYTHING HAS BEEN KEPT JUST AS MRS. DEWINTER LIKED IT.
NOTHING HAS BEEN ALTERED SINCE...
...THAT NIGHT.
AT LEAST I STILL HAVE SOME PLACE SAFE TO ESCAPE TO.
COME, I'LL SHOW YOU HER DRESSING ROOM.
THIS IS WHERE I KEEP ALL HER CLOTHES.
SIGH.
I REALLY BLEW IT TODAY WITH THE SOCCER QUEEN. THOSE OTHER GIRLS JUST MAKE ME SO MAD.
YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THEM, WOULDN'T YOU?
I SHOULD'VE THROWN THE BALL BACK. I DON'T KNOW WHY I DIDN'T.
NOW THE SOCCER QUEEN THINKS I'M A BIG BABY.
I WONDER WHAT THEY'D THINK IF THEY KNEW I WAS WATCHING THEM, HERE FROM THE SHADOWS.
SH*T!
WHUM!
BUSTED!
"PLEASE DONT SEE ME PLEASE DON'T SEE ME."
WHEW!
THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT AT LEAST MY CRACK'S WORKING OUT.
I'VE GOT THIS DOWN TO A SYSTEM. I COULD PRACTICALLY *LIVE* OUT OF THERE.
SOMETIMES...
... I WISH I DID.

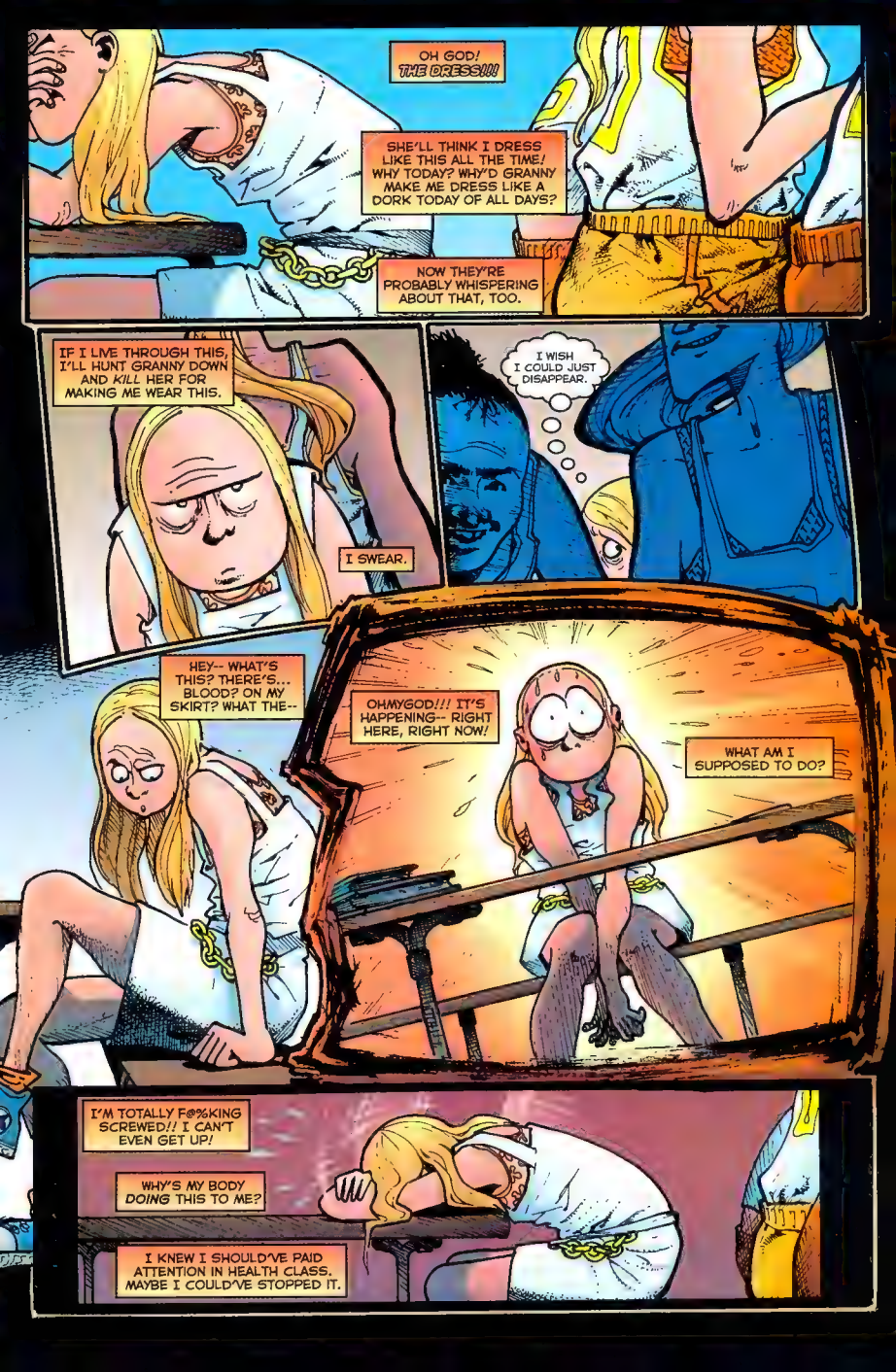

LATER.
HEY, YOUR NAME'S MEGAN, RIGHT?
UH, YEAH.
C'MERE.
GREAT-- IT'S THAT BULLY FROM LAST WEEK.
WHY?
'CAUSE I SAID SO! YOU SCARED OF SOMETHIN'?
NO.
THEN COME IN HERE-- I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING.
I SEE YOU WATCHING US FROM ACROSS THE STREET. I'VE GOT A MESSAGE TO GIVE YOU.
THE SOCCER QUEEN TOLD HER SOMETHING.
WHY DON'T YOU COME OUT HERE?
JUST GET YOUR SCRAWNY ASS IN HERE.
OK, NOW!
IT'S A TRAP!
GET HER!
THEY KNOW ABOUT THE EVIL DOOR! THEY'RE TRYING TO...
SEE, I TOLD YOU SHE'D DO THIS! SHE'S AFRAID!
PULL HER THROUGH! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS!!
HEY-- THAT BITCH KICKED ME!
OK-- NOW YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!
OUCH
OFF
THEY CAN DO WHATEVER THEY WANT-- I'M NOT GOING THROUGH THAT DOOR!!!

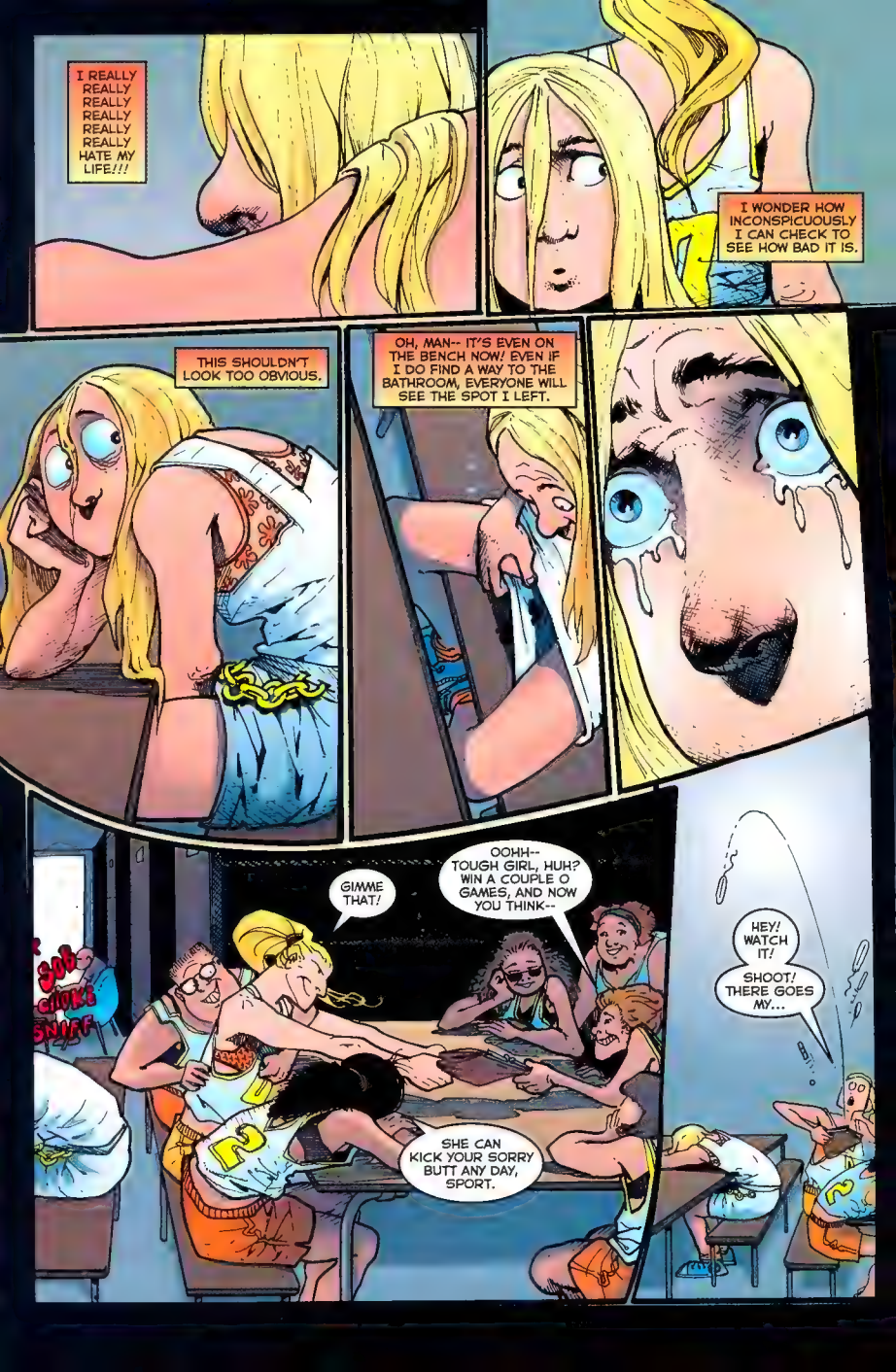

WHY ARE THEY DOING THIS TO ME? I'VE NEVER DONE *ANYTHING* TO THEM!
THEY FEEL HOW HYSTERICAL I AM, AND THEY'RE FEEDING OFF IT. THEY *LIKE* SEEING ME CRY.
I FIGHT FOR ALL I'M WORTH, BUT IT'S POINTLESS.
I'M WEAKENING.
HANDS EVERYWHERE, PULLING, SCRATCHING...
I JUST WANT TO CURL UP AND DIE.
HEY! YOU THERE! LEAVE HER ALONE!
WE WERE JUST HELPIN' HER THROUGH THE DOOR.
YEAH-- BUT SHE'S WIERD AND WON'T GO. WHAT'S UP WITH THAT?
IT DOESN'T MATTER-- IF SHE DOESN'T WANT TO GO, DON'T MAKE HER! NOW TAKE A HIKE!
IT'S OK, HON. YOU JUST NEED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR FEELINGS.
LIKE I'M NOT NOW??
POOR KID. ALWAYS GETTING PICKED ON, HUH?
AWKWARD AGE. PUNKS LIKE THAT DON'T HELP NONE. BET SHE FEELS THE WHOLE WORLD IGNORES HER.
JUST FEELING ALONE DOESN'T GIVE HER THE *RIGHT* TO IGNORE THE RULES.

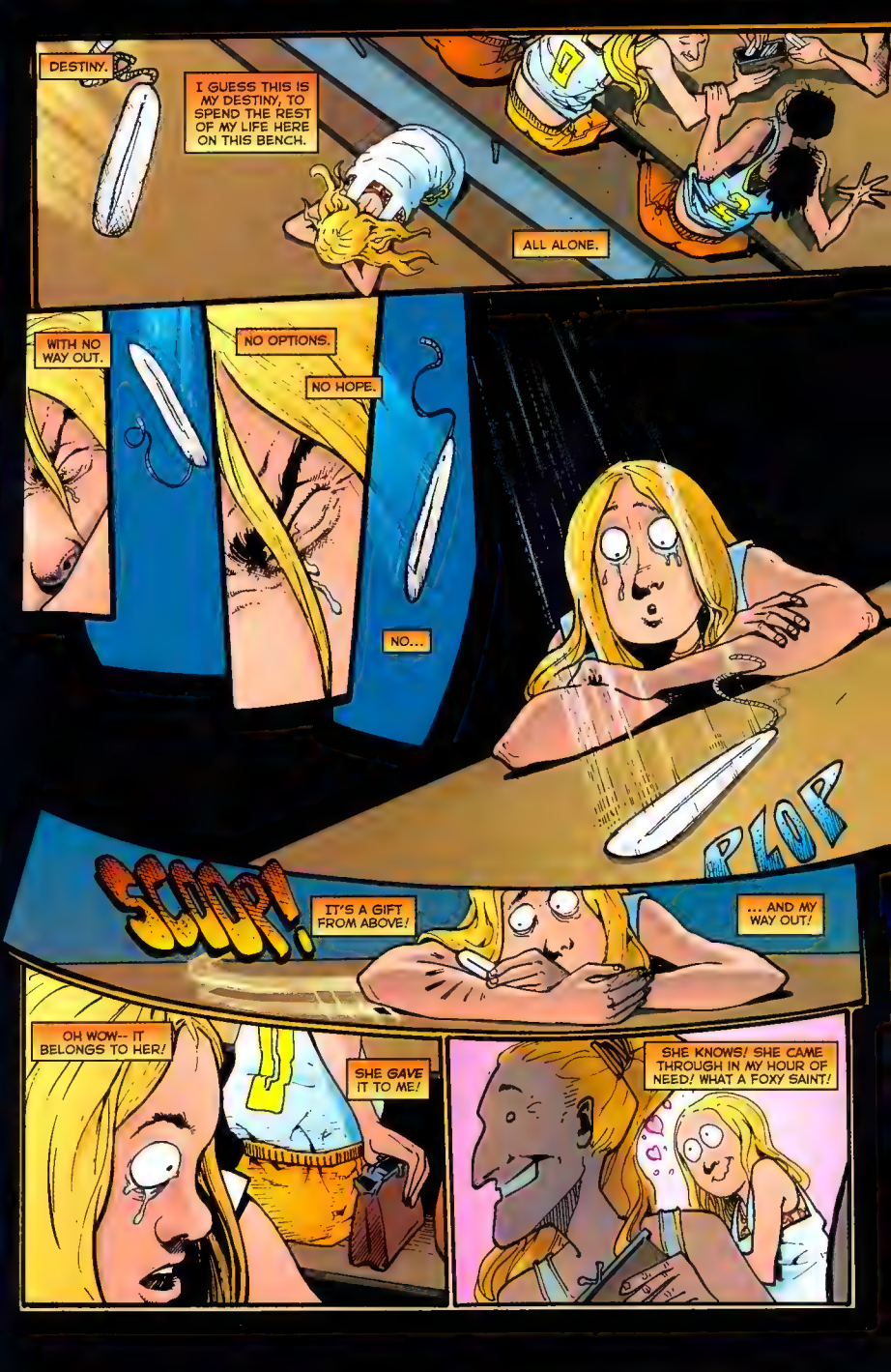

WEDNESDAY NIGHT
I KNOW YOU CAN'T HEAR ME, WHICH IS BETTER OFF, I GUESS.
I'M SORRY YOU'RE DYING, BUT I DON'T GIVE A SH*T.
YOU *SAID* YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE 'TIL I'M READY.
WELL, I'M NOT.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE JUST GONNA DITCH US LIKE THIS.
I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS LITTLE... USED TO SIT ON YOUR LAP... FEEL SAFE.
YOU PROMISED I'D BE SAFE, GRAMPS.
YOU LIED.
YOU CAN'T EVEN HEAR ME 'CAUSE I CAN'T EVEN SAY IT OUT LOUD.


NEW DRESS!
THURSDAY
NICE TO SEE A DRESS FOR A CHANGE.
IT'S ABOUT TIME!
DANDY-- MUCH MORE LADYLIKE.
WHAT DO YOU THINK, MEGAN?
MEGAN?
I LOOK RETARDED. PLEEEEASE DON'T MAKE ME GO OUT IN PUBLIC LIKE THIS-- I'M BEGGING YOU!
IT'S FINE
YOU LOOK PRETTY, MEGAN. YOU WERE GETTING TOO BIG FOR OVERALLS, ANYWAY.
I 'OOK 'IKE A DORK.
DON'T TALK WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL.
I KNOW YOU REALLY DIDN'T WANT THAT DRESS. I'M PROUD OF YOU, BUYING IT FOR GRANNY LIKE THAT. I WON'T FORGET IT-- I PROMISE.
I REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE AND USED TO SIT ON MY LAP, TOO. AND I KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME IS A LOT FOR A GIRL YOUR AGE TO ACCEPT.
IF I WAS YOUR AGE, I'D BLAME ME TOO. I WISH I COULD STAY HERE FOREVER, BUT I--
YEAH-- JUST LIKE YOUR OTHER PROMISES.
GRAMPA!
COMING, MOMMY.
MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH
FRUIT

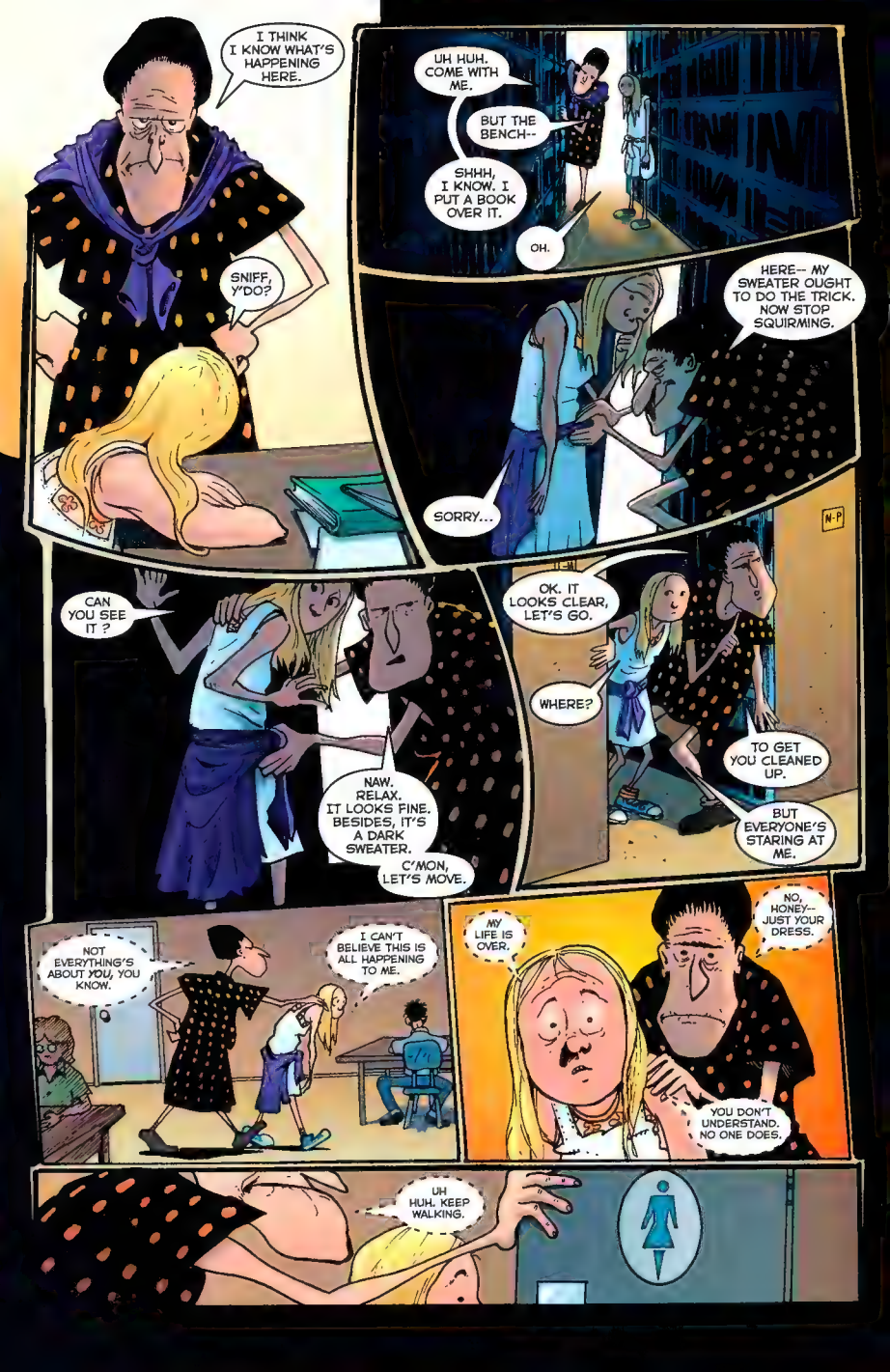

NOT AGAIN! I FINALLY FIND A QUIET PLACE IN THE CORNER, WHERE NO ONE CAN SPOT ME IN THIS CRAZY GET-UP...
... AND THEY COME OVER. THEY BETTER NOT MAKE ANY CRACKS ABOUT THIS STUPID DRESS!
CRAP! SHE'S WITH THEM! THE AMAZON SOCCER QUEEN OF LOVE IS SITTING RIGHT BEHIND ME!
PLEASE GOD, DON'T LET HER REMEMBER ME FROM YESTERDAY!
MAYBE IF I SIT PERFECTLY STILL--
IT'S NOT WORKING, I JUST KNOW THEY'RE WHISPERING ABOUT WHAT AN IMMATURE LITTLE JERK I WAS ABOUT THAT BALL!
I WANTED TO MEET HER, TALK TO HER...
... BUT NOT LIKE THIS...

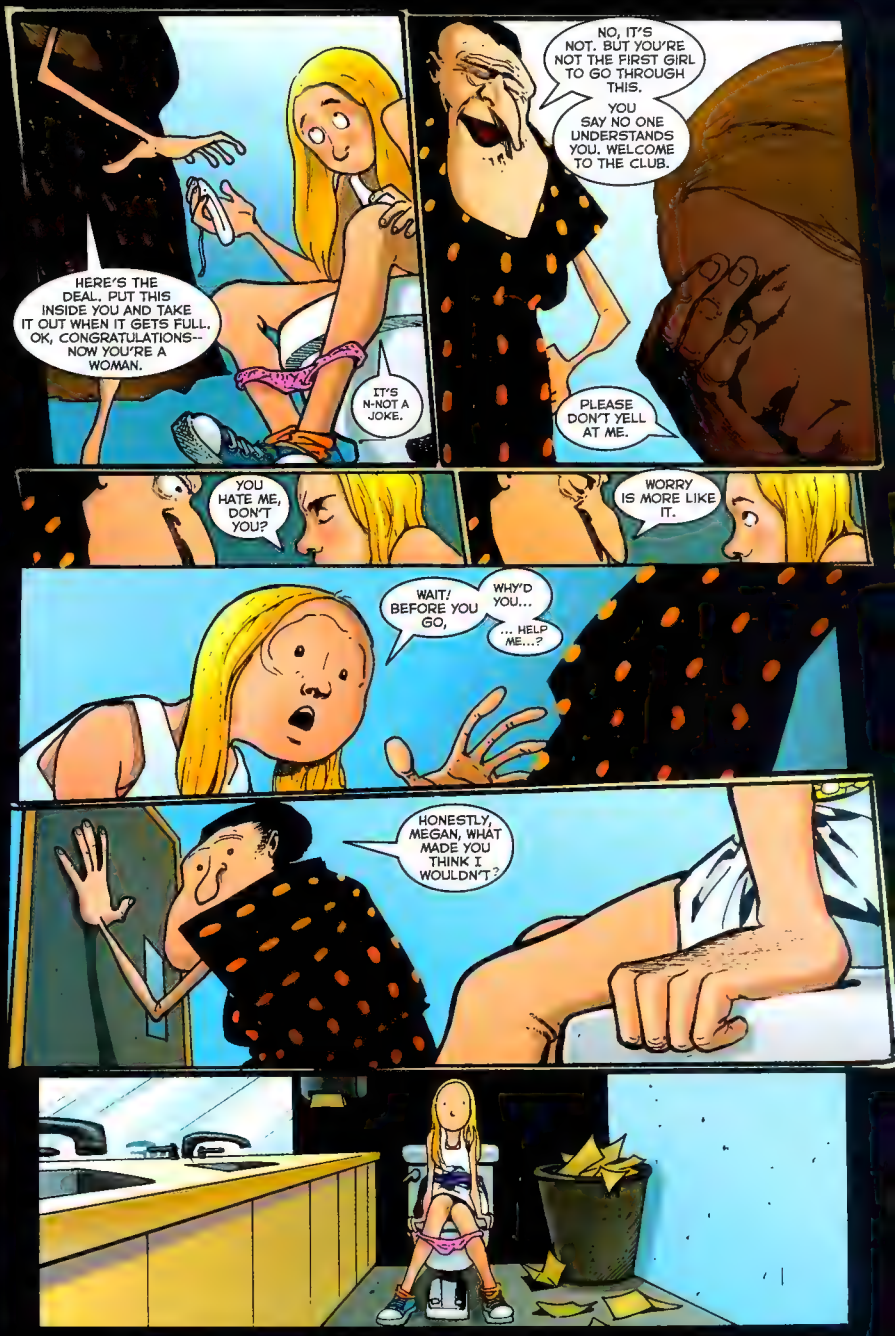

OH GOD! THE DRESS!!!
SHE'LL THINK I DRESS LIKE THIS ALL THE TIME! WHY TODAY? WHY'D GRANNY MAKE ME DRESS LIKE A DORK TODAY OF ALL DAYS?
NOW THEY'RE PROBABLY WHISPERING ABOUT THAT, TOO.
IF I LIVE THROUGH THIS, I'LL HUNT GRANNY DOWN AND KILL HER FOR MAKING ME WEAR THIS.
I SWEAR.
I WISH I COULD JUST DISAPPEAR.
HEY-- WHAT'S THIS? THERE'S... BLOOD? ON MY SKIRT? WHAT THE--
OHMYGOD!!! IT'S HAPPENING-- RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW!
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?
I'M TOTALLY F@%KING SCREWED!! I CAN'T EVEN GET UP!
WHY'S MY BODY DOING THIS TO ME?
I KNEW I SHOULD'VE PAID ATTENTION IN HEALTH CLASS. MAYBE I COULD'VE STOPPED IT.

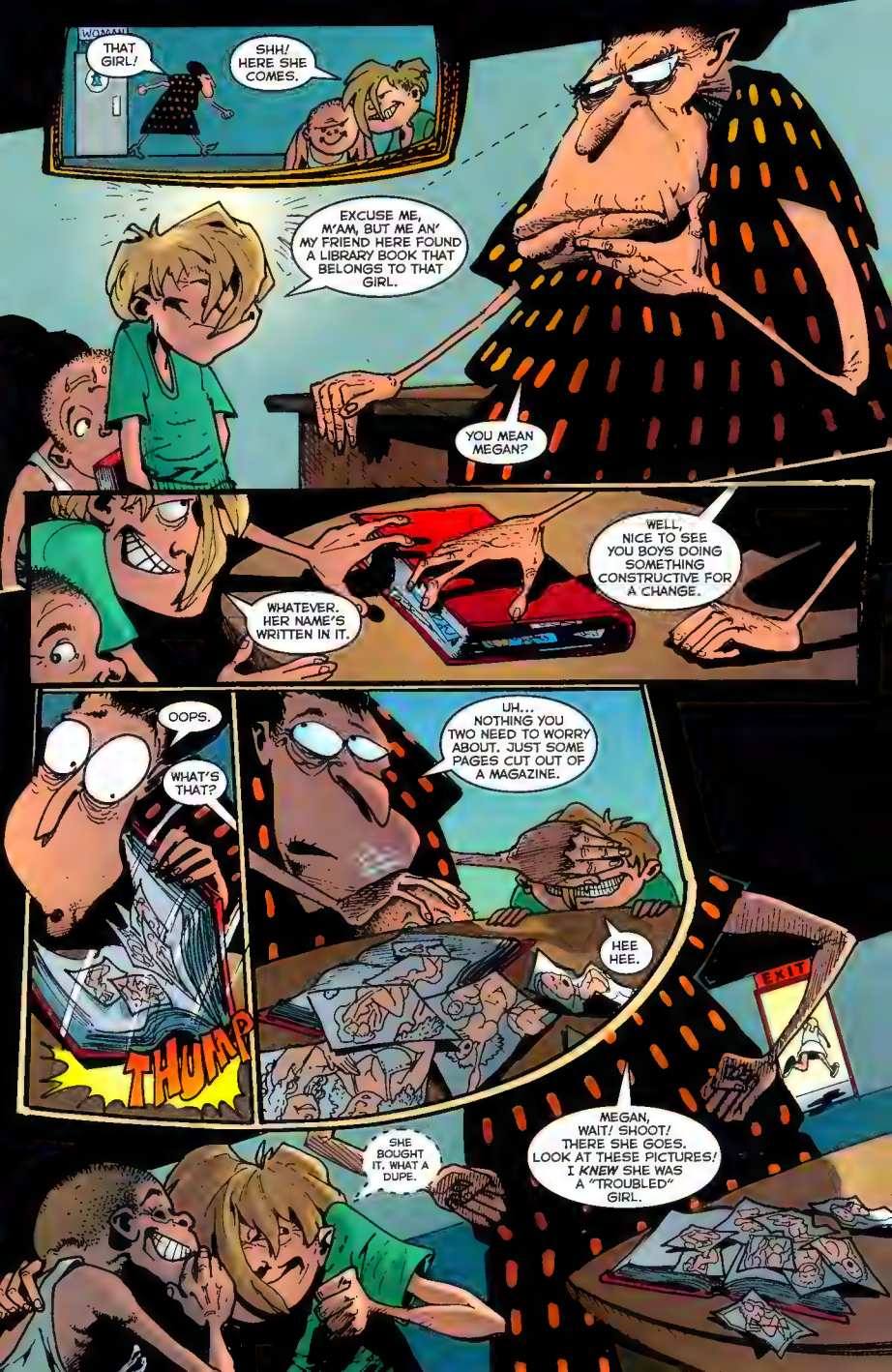

I REALLY REALLY REALLY REALLY REALLY REALLY HATE MY LIFE!!!
I WONDER HOW INCONSPICUOUSLY I CAN CHECK TO SEE HOW BAD IT IS.
THIS SHOULDN'T LOOK TOO OBVIOUS.
OH, MAN-- IT'S EVEN ON THE BENCH NOW! EVEN IF I DO FIND A WAY TO THE BATHROOM, EVERYONE WILL SEE THE SPOT I LEFT.
GIMME THAT!
OOHH-- TOUGH GIRL, HUH? WIN A COUPLE O GAMES, AND NOW YOU THINK--
SOB GLUK SNIFF
SHE CAN KICK YOUR SORRY BUTT ANY DAY, SPORT.
HEY! WATCH IT!
SHOOT! THERE GOES MY...

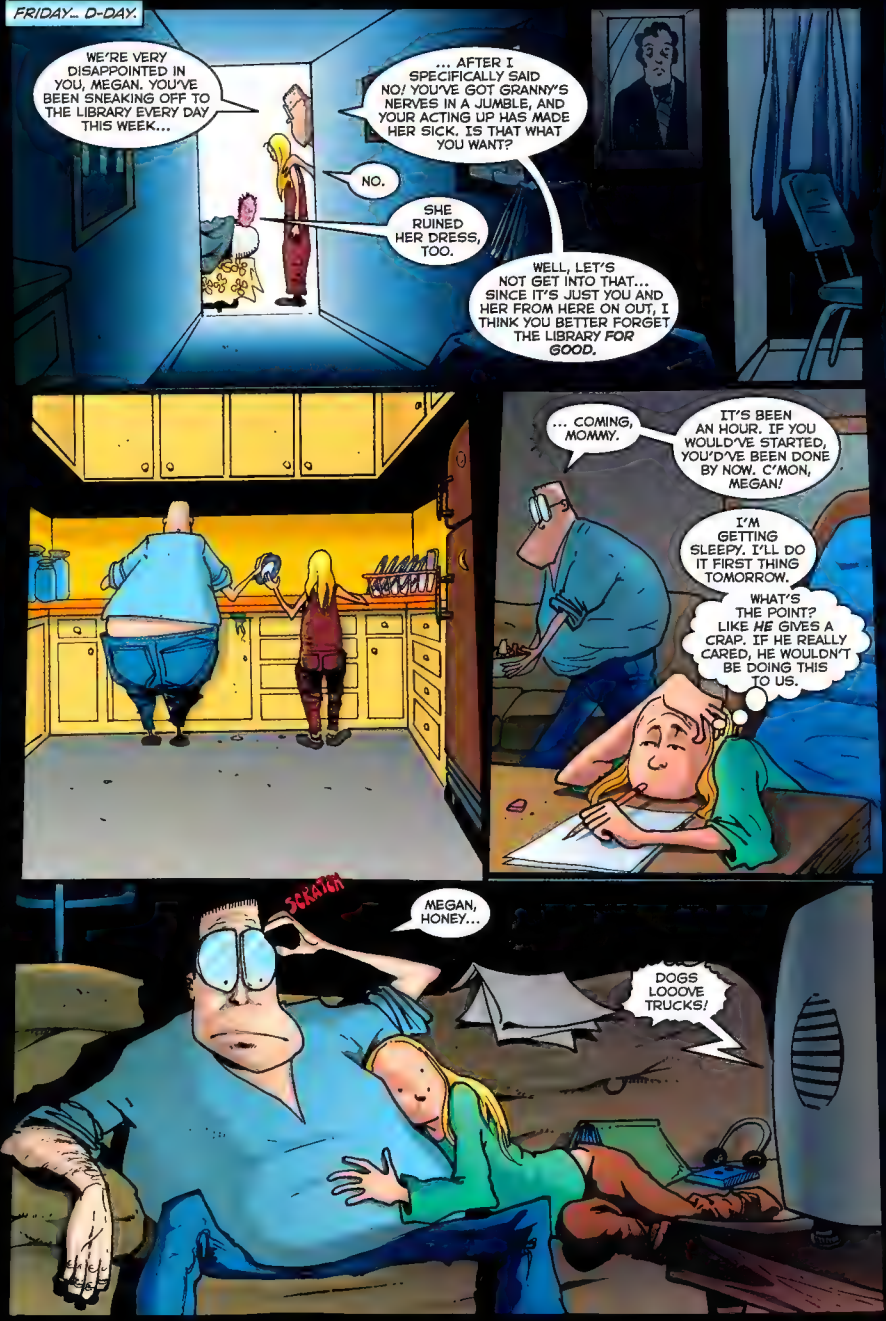

DESTINY.
I GUESS THIS IS MY DESTINY, TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE HERE ON THIS BENCH.
ALL ALONE.
WITH NO WAY OUT.
NO OPTIONS.
NO HOPE.
NO...
PLOP
SCOOP!
IT'S A GIFT FROM ABOVE!
... AND MY WAY OUT!
OH WOW-- IT BELONGS TO HER!
SHE *GAVE* IT TO ME!
SHE KNOWS! SHE CAME THROUGH IN MY HOUR OF NEED! WHAT A FOXY SAINT!

OOPS.
BONK!
SORRY, BABE. YOU OK?
UH... ER, WELL... UH...
AND IN A HEART BEAT, SHE'S GONE.
THANK GOD SHE DIDN'T REMEMBER ME FROM OUTSIDE.
I'M READY TO ACCEPT IT NOW.
I'LL LIVE OUT THE REST OF MY LIFE HERE, ON THIS BENCH.
WELL, MAYBE IF I WAIT 'TIL CLOSING TIME, AND I'M THE LAST ONE OUT...
IN THE MORNING THEY'D FIND A MYSTERY STAIN ON THE BENCH.
I WONDER HOW THIS TUBE THING WORKS.


I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE.
SNIFF, Y'DO?
UH HUH. COME WITH ME.
BUT THE BENCH--
SHHH, I KNOW. I PUT A BOOK OVER IT.
OH.
HERE-- MY SWEATER OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK. NOW STOP SQUIRMING.
SORRY...
N-P
CAN YOU SEE IT ?
NAW. RELAX. IT LOOKS FINE. BESIDES, IT'S A DARK SWEATER.
C'MON, LET'S MOVE.
OK. IT LOOKS CLEAR, LET'S GO.
WHERE?
TO GET YOU CLEANED UP.
BUT EVERYONE'S STARING AT ME.
NOT EVERYTHING'S ABOUT YOU, YOU KNOW.
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS ALL HAPPENING TO ME.
MY LIFE IS OVER.
NO, HONEY-- JUST YOUR DRESS.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. NO ONE DOES.
UH HUH. KEEP WALKING.

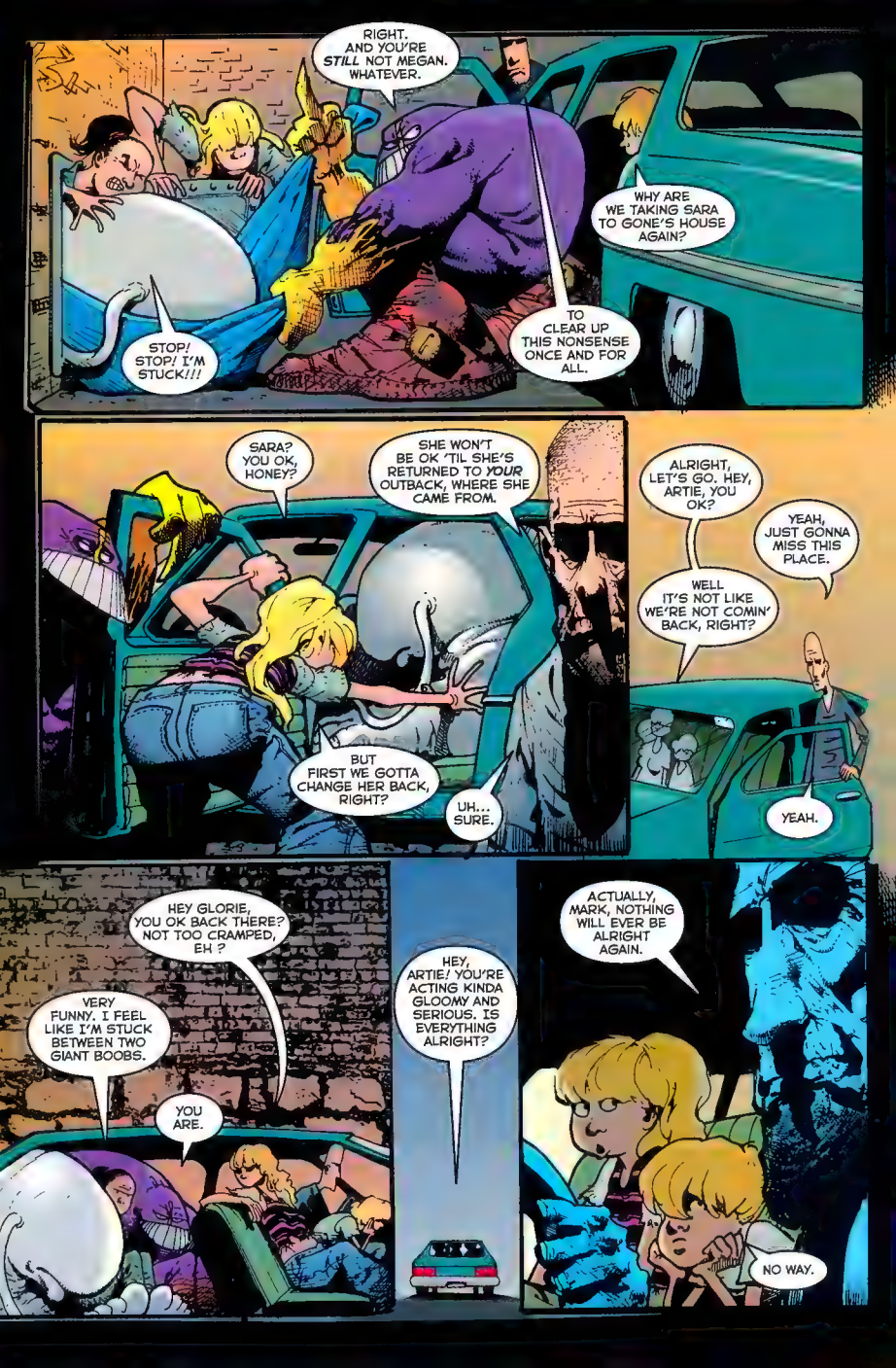

HERE'S THE DEAL. PUT THIS INSIDE YOU AND TAKE IT OUT WHEN IT GETS FULL. OK, CONGRATULATIONS-- NOW YOU'RE A WOMAN.
IT'S N-NOT A JOKE.
NO, IT'S NOT. BUT YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST GIRL TO GO THROUGH THIS.
YOU SAY NO ONE UNDERSTANDS YOU. WELCOME TO THE CLUB.
PLEASE DON'T YELL AT ME.
YOU HATE ME, DON'T YOU?
WORRY IS MORE LIKE IT.
WAIT! BEFORE YOU GO,
WHY'D YOU...
... HELP ME...?
HONESTLY, MEGAN, WHAT MADE YOU THINK I WOULDN'T?

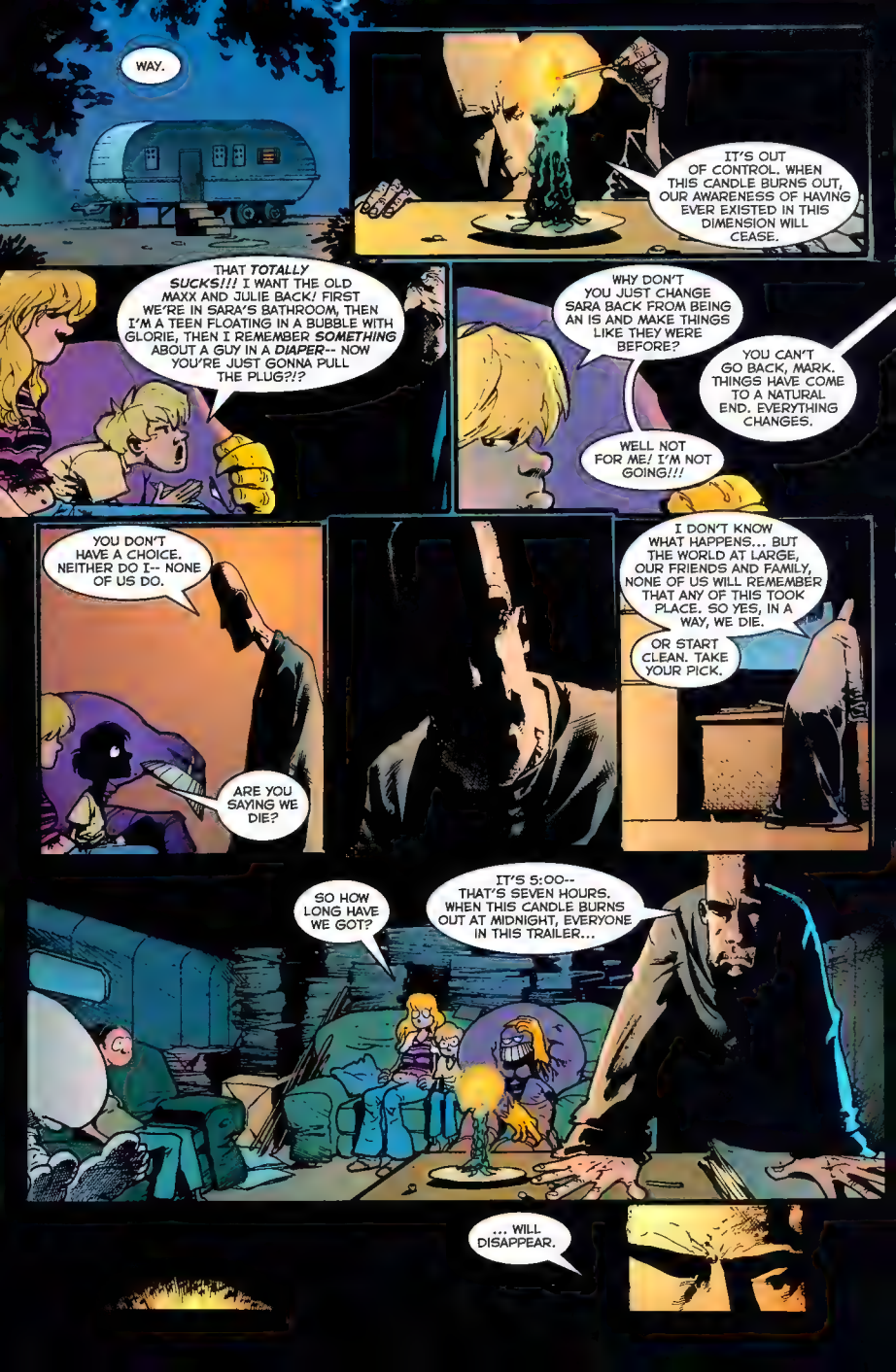

WOMAN!
THAT GIRL!
SHH! HERE SHE COMES.
EXCUSE ME, M'AM, BUT ME AN' MY FRIEND HERE FOUND A LIBRARY BOOK THAT BELONGS TO THAT GIRL.
YOU MEAN MEGAN?
WELL, NICE TO SEE YOU BOYS DOING SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE FOR A CHANGE.
WHATEVER. HER NAME'S WRITTEN IN IT.
OOPS.
WHAT'S THAT?
THUMP
UH... NOTHING YOU TWO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT. JUST SOME PAGES CUT OUT OF A MAGAZINE.
HEE HEE.
EXIT
MEGAN, WAIT! SHOOT! THERE SHE GOES. LOOK AT THESE PICTURES! I *KNEW* SHE WAS A "TROUBLED" GIRL.
SHE BOUGHT IT. WHAT A DUPE.


FRIDAY... D-DAY.
WE'RE VERY DISAPPOINTED IN YOU, MEGAN. YOU'VE BEEN SNEAKING OFF TO THE LIBRARY EVERY DAY THIS WEEK...
... AFTER I SPECIFICALLY SAID NO! YOU'VE GOT GRANNY'S NERVES IN A JUMBLE, AND YOUR ACTING UP HAS MADE HER SICK. IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?
NO.
SHE RUINED HER DRESS, TOO.
WELL, LET'S NOT GET INTO THAT... SINCE IT'S JUST YOU AND HER FROM HERE ON OUT, I THINK YOU BETTER FORGET THE LIBRARY FOR GOOD.
... COMING, MOMMY.
IT'S BEEN AN HOUR. IF YOU WOULD'VE STARTED, YOU'D'VE BEEN DONE BY NOW. C'MON, MEGAN!
I'M GETTING SLEEPY. I'LL DO IT FIRST THING TOMORROW.
WHAT'S THE POINT? LIKE HE GIVES A CRAP. IF HE REALLY CARED, HE WOULDN'T BE DOING THIS TO US.
SCRATCH!
MEGAN, HONEY...
DOGS LOOOVE TRUCKS!

WE GOTTA TALK.
I'M MOVING INTO ST. MARY'S TOMORROW FOR MY CHEMO, SO YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR GRANNY NOW. 'CAUSE I WON'T...
... BE ABLE TO.
BESIDES, THAT HOSPITAL FOOD'LL PROB'LY DO ME IN QUICKER THAN THE RADIATION! HEH HEH...

YOU'LL BE OK. AUNT MABEL PROMISES SHE'LL DROP BY AND LOOK IN ON BOTH OF YOU. AND YOU CAN COME VISIT ME IN THE HOSPITAL.
YOU'LL BE OK...
I PROMISE.
MEGAN, HONEY... CAN YOU HEAR ME?
...MEGAN?


RIGHT. AND YOU'RE *STILL* NOT MEGAN. WHATEVER.
WHY ARE WE TAKING SARA TO GONE'S HOUSE AGAIN?
STOP! STOP! I'M STUCK!!!
TO CLEAR UP THIS NONSENSE ONCE AND FOR ALL.
SARA? YOU OK, HONEY?
SHE WON'T BE OK 'TIL SHE'S RETURNED TO *YOUR* OUTBACK, WHERE SHE CAME FROM.
ALRIGHT, LET'S GO. HEY, ARTIE, YOU OK?
YEAH, JUST GONNA MISS THIS PLACE.
WELL IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE NOT COMIN' BACK, RIGHT?
BUT FIRST WE GOTTA CHANGE HER BACK, RIGHT?
UH... SURE.
YEAH.
HEY GLORIE, YOU OK BACK THERE? NOT TOO CRAMPED, EH ?
VERY FUNNY. I FEEL LIKE I'M STUCK BETWEEN TWO GIANT BOOBS.
YOU ARE.
HEY, ARTIE! YOU'RE ACTING KINDA GLOOMY AND SERIOUS. IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT?
ACTUALLY, MARK, NOTHING WILL EVER BE ALRIGHT AGAIN.
NO WAY.


WAY.
IT'S OUT OF CONTROL. WHEN THIS CANDLE BURNS OUT, OUR AWARENESS OF HAVING EVER EXISTED IN THIS DIMENSION WILL CEASE.
THAT *TOTALLY SUCKS!!!* I WANT THE OLD MAXX AND JULIE BACK! FIRST WE'RE IN SARA'S BATHROOM, THEN I'M A TEEN FLOATING IN A BUBBLE WITH GLORIE, THEN I REMEMBER *SOMETHING* ABOUT A GUY IN A *DIAPER*-- NOW YOU'RE JUST GONNA PULL THE PLUG?!?
WHY DON'T YOU JUST CHANGE SARA BACK FROM BEING AN IS AND MAKE THINGS LIKE THEY WERE BEFORE?
YOU CAN'T GO BACK, MARK. THINGS HAVE COME TO A NATURAL END. EVERYTHING CHANGES.
WELL NOT FOR ME! I'M NOT GOING!!!
YOU DON'T HAVE A CHOICE. NEITHER DO I-- NONE OF US DO.
ARE YOU SAYING WE DIE?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENS... BUT THE WORLD AT LARGE, OUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY, NONE OF US WILL REMEMBER THAT ANY OF THIS TOOK PLACE. SO YES, IN A WAY, WE DIE.
OR START CLEAN. TAKE YOUR PICK.
SO HOW LONG HAVE WE GOT?
IT'S 5:00-- THAT'S SEVEN HOURS. WHEN THIS CANDLE BURNS OUT AT MIDNIGHT, EVERYONE IN THIS TRAILER...
... WILL DISAPPEAR.

WHAT NEXT? Now we've been screwed, glued and tattooed by the mail service! Maxx's snail mail address has always been at a Mail Boxes, Etc. location which is now, we find out less than one month ahead, going out of business. We got a POBx, but guess what? Neither the US Post Office or Mail Boxes, Etc. will forward our mail, for reasons we won't bore you with... %@$#&!!!

•So, as of January 1, all snail mail addressed to us at 4363 Hazel will be sent back "Return to Sender—Address Unknown". *@!&#^%$$#@!!!!!!

Anyway, the point is: Maxx may now be reached ONLY at POBox 2410, Orangevale, CA 95662 or skieth@webinfo.net.

Them's yer choices, and we're sorry (especially to fans overseas who rarely get The Maxx when it first comes out, so they won't get this issue for awhile and consequently will get their mail to us returned a lot for a while). &$%@^&$*%*!!!!!!!!! (Can you tell we're pissed?)

As a result of this postal snafu, we'll probably be short on fan art for a while, so SEND 'EM IN, GUYS—both color and b&w (fan art and Head2Heads usually come via snail). And, no, we're not yet sophisticated enough technically to accept art via e-mail; it gets here all dotty. Load it up on the snail.

People who e-mail us get real casual about signing their names and hometowns, so some of these letters aren't credited as well as they could be. Let us know who you are and where you're from!

#33 SHOOK SOME PEOPLE UP, FOR BETTER AND FOR WORSE: Cool—Mickey and Dude are back! I couldn't be happier! (Doesn't look like this is going to advance the "main" story arc, but wotthehell—linear plotting is a relic of pre-modernism anyway). **[Yeah—what you said.]**

Marty Kelley
Arizona

The Love for Three Oranges was A-MAZING. Not only have you brought Mickey and Dude back for a well-deserved encore, but you've blown me (and I'm sure many other Mxhds) away with yet another bizarre but probably (hopefully?!?) meticulously constructed story. Wow. Now, lemme get this straight: we've got the evil twin thing goin' on for Mickey/Trixie and Uncle Freddie (or is that Freddy? Deja vu...remember Sara/h? Hehehe)/Dude, i.e. the strangers are metaphors for the dark parts of their mind, the memories and foibles they don't wanna confront. Maynard and Blanco are mysteries to me, mebbe they're just for humor value, I dunno... I mean, the closest either of them gets to FOM characters is a similarity in build between Maynard and Mickey's dad. Anyways... uh, the three oranges represent, perhaps, something to do with that party we're all DYING to hear about (yes, DYING, so tell us soon or you'll have no readers left...), and finally, you are one sick puppy with that nappy thing, but it was symbolic, I know, and the pic of Uncle Freddy/ie on the last page is G-R-E-A-T, so I'll let you off.

Anyway, gotta go.
fs0 aka Sam Birbeck
fs0@mindless.com

The Head Gardener apologizes yet again for errors, not the least of which is in #33, next-to-last page: "Prokofiev" SHOULD NOT have an "e" on the end (HG didn't put it there, but she didn't catch it in proofing, either). Sorry, Sergei.

As for Freddie's spelling, I drew it "ie", then stupidly let HG type it with a "y". You'd think I'd notice! Sorry.

Hello!

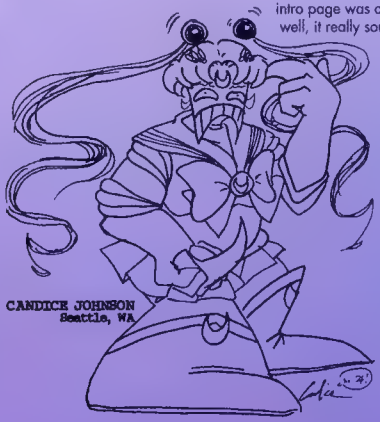
I just got done reading #33 of your wonderful comic! I must say every issue gets weirder and weirder! But as I was reading this one, I picked up on something very peculiar—Uncle Freddie's dialogue! I found that on at least two of the pages you used some dialogue from the Sublime album, *Robbin' in the Hood*!!! This made me start to think... what kind of music do you listen to while you are writing The Maxx? What's playing on your stereo while you're writing and drawing?

As long as you finish up that Megan storyline, I'll be happy... and you want to know why it is soooo popular? Men like lesbians!

Oh yea... it doesn't matter if the readers don't like a story line a lot, or at all! And if you want to stop a story right in the middle, go ahead. In fact it gives the story a more personal UNIQUE touch to it that this is YOUR book. I love it to death. Tho after every issue, I just want to pick up the next one 'cause you leave me yearning for more.

L8r
Damian Burford
Shreveport, LA

Sublime. Guilty. I was curious if anybody would catch it. It tried to add enough to wink to Sublime fans, but not so much as to rip them off.



Dear Sam,

I generally liked this issue. The intro page was done well, it really sounded

like the Mr. Gone of old rather than Artie. The adversarial dialogue between Mickey and Dude also seemed to work, although if this is supposed to be 10 years after FOM #1 and they are still going on like this, then I am surprised that they are still together or haven't sorted themselves out. **[Ever been married?]** I vaguely recall a party scene from FOM #1—could this be the party they kept referring to?

It was good to see that Dude was still having fun with facial hair, the sideburns were a nice touch, although a few panels later, he also had the goatee going. Maybe this sudden growth was caused by being his only available testosterone release ;)

Uncle Freddie and friends were great, just freaky enough to be believable, although I did feel as though the wheelbarrow thing was done to be weird for the sake of weirdness rather than from flowing on from the characters directly. His face paint at the end was cool, and it should be interesting to see how all of this turns out.

Steve Haggis

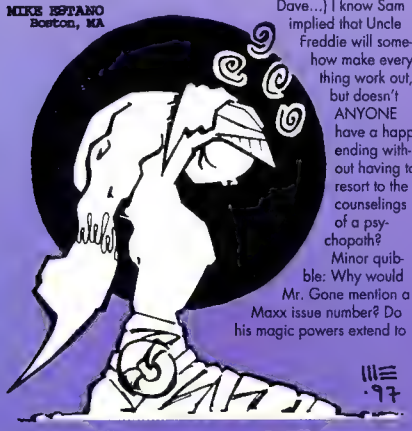
Just some random thoughts on #33:

I kinda have mixed feelings on this one. I'm all for the whole integrated FOM/Maxx concept, and I've always had a sort of wait and see attitude to the whole stretching-things-out business. But I really really would like at least a little closure on some of the other stories. That being said, I knew going into this one what I'd be getting (thanks to Sam's on-list ramblings) **[more about this later]** and so wasn't disappointed as I would've been if I just ran headlong into the book.

Good things: Mickey and Dude back again. Yay! But, I am hoping this connects SOMEHOW to the story. Little thing I wasn't expecting: Mickey and Dude are ten years older too. I liked seeing how they'd evolved. The oranges. Very cute. The intro by Mr. Gone. Cool. When he said Uncle Freddie was the one guy that made HIM scared, that REALLY worried me. And the musical cues was a great idea, I just wish I knew all of them. The all-out dementia. Sam really topped himself this time. The chihuahua, "wheelbarrow", Maynard's love of pong, Uncle Freddie's warpaint, etc. The drawing of Uncle Freddie. Finally an (almost) new-looking character. Way to go, Sam. Points for not making him look like Maxx, Artie, or Tommy.

Bad things: While I like seeing Mickey and Dude evolve, I'm not sure I like the direction they evolved. Why does EVERY relationship in The Maxx universe end up in the crapper? People just stay together, which is good, I suppose, but they seem to always end up drifting apart and hating each other. If they hate each other so much, why are they still together? I understand this does happen in real life, but not to EVERYONE. I'd like to see one relationship in The Maxx that isn't completely dysfunctional. (OK, as I typed that, I thought of One: Artie & Gaynor, but the point stands: Glorie & Tommy, Mickey & Dude, Artie & everyone except Gaynor, Sara & Jimmy (sorta), Steve & Skye, Julie & Dave...) I know Sam implied that Uncle Freddie will somehow make everything work out, but doesn't ANYONE have a happy ending without having to resort to the counselings of a psychopath? Minor quibble: Why would Mr. Gone mention a Maxx issue number? Do his magic powers extend to knowing he's only a comic book character?

MIKE ESTANO
Boston, MA

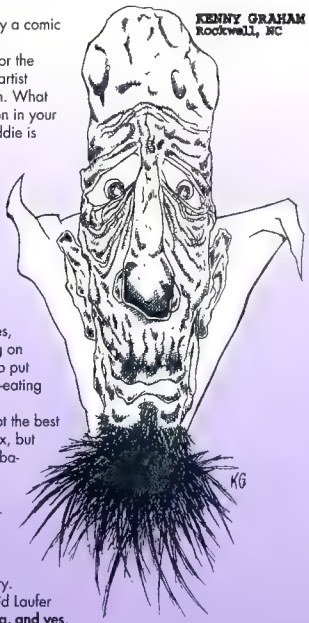


Well, I'm all for the free reign of the artist but... yeesh, Sam. What the hell is goin' on in your mind? Uncle Freddie is one sick mother. Good luck whenever you get around to writing "The Origin of Uncle Freddie" issue. I pity you. Maybe I'm just buying into society's stifling mores, but I'm not so big on the whole (how to put this tactfully) sh*t-eating concept.

My rating: Not the best issue of The Maxx, but not nearly the debacle people have been saying it is. A quality, engaging story that I would like to see tied up, and tied into the main story.

Ronald Laufer

KENNY GRAHAM
Rockwall, TX



Thanks for writing, and yes, scatology is instinctively repulsive. But I think Freddie's referring to the "disguarded stuff in their relationship shit," not the poo-poo-ka-ka kind. Besides, the "shit" people put each other through in relationships is far more repulsive to me than a guy in a diaper!!!

Dear Sam Kieth,

I'm more interested in art and events than storylines. With The Love For Three Oranges, we got just that: quirky characters, fun dialogue and cool drawings. (Am I alone in thinking that the oranges are the greatest things since isz?)

Everyone is complaining that the story isn't progressing, but I believe that it is. Consider: Both Dude and Mickey appear to have seen the three oranges. Seeing as how the story wasn't pitched as being from the point of view of anyone in particular, I think it's safe to assume that they both saw the same thing (as opposed to the football, fairy and Is scenario). How did the sweet 'n sour little b*st*rds enter "reality"? How, for that matter, did Norbert slip into our world? The barrier between the waking hours and the place(s) where our minds/hearts manifest are breaking down...

Me!

What barrier?

Hey there,

About #33: First off, I'll start with the cover. There's no missing the title of this story. Nice collage of Maxx characters and plenty of orange. Doesn't hint at the storyline at all **[I think you can see why]**.

Intro by Mr. Gone. Kind of wish I had the music listed to play along as I read, but I didn't so had to make do. It was definitely good to see Mickey and Dude again. I think Sam could do 20 issues about them and we still wouldn't know everything about these 2.

Uncle Freddie: He seems to be Mickey and Dude's Mr. Gone. He's trying to help them like Gone tried to help Julie, but is using really strange methods to do it.

We find out that something pretty bad happened between Mickey and Dude at a party ten years ago. Something that will save Mickey and Dude's relationship once it's dealt with,

according to Uncle Freddie.

The scene with Maynard playing Wheelbarrow with Uncle Freddie was pretty shocking. **[Why?]**

Then we get to see the Isz equivalent for Mickey and Dude—three music-playing oranges.

OK, that's what stood out for me in this issue. Great issue, Sam, and without Maxx, Julie, or Sara in it. The story was the start of a fourth storyline (Sara, Megan, Glorie, and this one) without finishing any. It is a bit confusing, but I'm glad, and I'll be happy once it comes to a conclusion. (Actually, by then I probably won't be happy since it would be coming to a conclusion.)

This was probably the most informative letter page in a while; I was pretty confused since the opening of the urn. Brian Woods wrote a great letter and the replies shed a lot of light on the storyline for me. Of course it makes no "sense", but now that I know that's what's going on, it makes things a lot easier to follow.

Sam: you said in the letters page that you can only draw 2 types of guys—is that ones with big feet and ones without big feet? ;)

So in closing, I'd say MORE OF THE SAME. Finish the Megan story at some point. Expand upon The Maxx's supporting cast. If Mickey and Dude showed up with Julie, Dave, or Sara before they were in an issue, it wouldn't seem as much like a straying from the "main characters", because then they would be main characters. I think you've been doing a great job of this, but maybe you can make the FOM title literal and have Mickey and Dude interact with the rest of the characters.

OK, that's enough from me,
Mike

Coupla projects coming up:

Dear Sam,

I just read about the upcoming "Altered Image" crossover event, which has The Maxx joining the Image equivalent of the JLA. I am naturally curious as to The Maxx's specific role in this 3-issue miniseries. Why would Maxx join a superhero league? Why would actual superheroes want him to? Are we going to get to see a medieval Maxx?

Brian Ghoti

I dunno—that's something that Valentino and I have to figure out. But he's got a lot of really cool books coming out—should be interesting.

Re: Maxx #1 in 3D:

In some sick, eye-bending sort of way, this works for me. Pez, bell-bottoms and huge feet DESERVE to be seen in even MORE optically confounding configurations! No, I'm NOT being sarcastic 8]

Am I the only one who thinks that a lava-lamp with little plastic isz wafting in the currents would be cool?

Me again!

An Isz lava-lamp would rock. Maxx 3D will be on your stands Jan. 2—with five goofy new pages in the back, drawn and written by yers truly.

You may have noticed that Megan is back this issue. Here's some of the mail that inspired me to go back and finish her story:

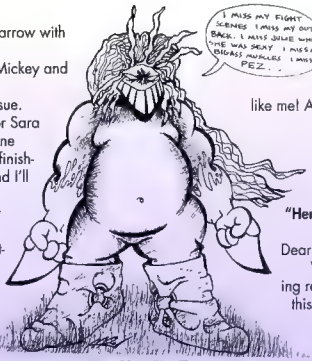
Dear Sam,

I noticed in the latest Mx Trx that you aren't going to finish the Megan story. You can't just let this slide! I loved this story (maybe because I have absolutely no clue what's going on in the main story, and these FOM-style stories are more interesting). OK, so you don't have to spend a whole three more issues finishing it, but you HAVE to finish it. I even went and saw *Rebecca* again after having read that story oh, about a half a dozen times or so. Yes, I don't care that Megan is half my age and a girl, she's exactly like me! Anyway, you get the idea.

Yours sincerely,
Jonathan Schmidt
Sydney, Australia

***Rebecca*—cool. This story will get every kid in the world renting that movie!**

"Here's where I keep her underwear..."



AARON KELLEY
ALEXANDRIA, VA
all 4 pieces

Dear Sam,

With regards to Erik M. Rion's enlightening remarks in #32: Sigh. Yeah sure, I'll tackle this one. Although not specifically because I am a "Woman Behind The Maxx", rather because I am an avid fan with an opinion on the matter.

Julie's "Megan" story (assuming Julie really IS Megan) has as much to do with the rest of the comic as... well, the rest of the comic does. The development of the characters is an integral part of The Maxx, and therefore ANY development of a character is relevant. Sexuality is as much a part of a person's identity as anything else. The Megan story provides further insight into Julie's identity. It is no more or less relevant than any of the other stories that have revealed aspects about the other characters.

And may I suggest to Erik that you are a comic artist (and an EXCELLENT story teller), not an illustrator of other people's sexual fantasies—although of course I could be quite wrong. ;) Erik should use his imagination and learn to draw these pictures himself.

Anyhow, I really enjoyed part 1 of Megan's story, and would love to see you come back to it someday.

Keep up the amazing work,
Kate
Melbourne, Australia

Sam,

Please bring back Megan. I think she just might be the most "real" and original character you've written to date. And thanks for bringing back the spies. I sleep better not picturing them in some spider's web in Artie's garden.

"Help me..."
Dave Maurer

Dear Sam,

I read your comment about "dumping the Megan plot because it didn't seem to be working." Come on, man! You can't take Megan away! Ever since Sara lost the curly hair and glasses, Megan's the character I identify with the most. So please, for the love of God, give the poor chick another shot, 'K?

Just thought I'd letcha know.
Megan Young
Hartford, WI

Dear Sam,

This is my theory: there are actually 3 different Sam Kieths who have taken turns at The Maxx. The first Sam, who wrote issues 1-20, liked writing about this really cool superhero named The Maxx, who he named the comic after. Through fights with his enemies, and odd situations with his friends Julie and Sara, Maxx uncovered secrets about everyone's past.

The second Sam took over for 21-30, and instead of following in his predecessor's footsteps, he decided to get rid of everything that resembled

the first story arc, and concentrate on an older Sara, with barely any trace of any superhero or villain.

The third Sam started a comic of his own during this time, entitled *Friends of Maxx*. Despite its catchy name, FOM had nothing to do with The Maxx, but instead centered on new characters in serious situations. When Sam #2 started running out of ideas for his story arc, Sam #3 took over, faded out the original characters that Sam #2 was bringing back, and started telling non-Maxx-related stories once again, only this time under the original title of *The Maxx*.

Am I anywhere close? My keen literary analytical skills picked up on the change in style fairly accurately, wouldn't you say? Hey, which Sam misses Maxx and Julie, and which one thinks they're getting old? That's the only thing I couldn't figure out.

Drew Seibert

Darn close! Sam #3 is sick of Maxx and Julie, Sam #1 wants them back, and #2 is as confused as the rest of the fans about who to please. And we ALL dread Sam #4 showing up! (I hope Uncle Freddie wasn't a sign...)

Dear Sam,

If history doesn't recall The Maxx as one of the greatest artistic masterpieces of the late 20th century, then history is a corpulent bra-salesman with lice. Ah, but I digress. I must show my appreciation with the wonder of whimsical verse:

The Maxx

Orbwise plumber of decay-stone claws,
Crashes through reality epidermis.
Rouge philanthropist houses her fear:
A Maxx, a male, a lampshade and distance.

Smile, Mr. Gone... Rage, Mr. Gone... die, change, don't.

Acne and spectacles peer over a chasm,
Ride the steed into the fairy gates.

I don't need spectacles, my spirit animal is comic book eyes.
Us Marks and Saras, We Julies and Gones,
We learn how shadow reveals the form.
—Anonymous

Hi!! Sam—

What the hell is goin' on in your head? You are a sick man, you know that? The best things in the comic industry are in your book. The first time I saw The Maxx was in MTV's cartoon and in that moment I became one of your fans.

I'm from Mexico City, and I want to know when you are going to come to my town. I'm not sure if I'll let you print my e-mail, not because I don't want you to, but I'm not sure my English is good enough.

I wonder—how old are you? My brother thinks you are in your 50's.

Alan Humphrey
Mexico City, Mexico

I'm in my 30's—it's just my sex life that's in its 50's.

We need a "Guide to The Maxx" so we don't have to sort through 30 back issues for small but important things.

Jessy Ezra

P.S. Sam, in the Wizard ashcan thingee, you said there was going to be another, blue slug. Whatever happened to him? Did Iago and he sort of blur together to become the evil entity?

I dunno—never got around to the blue slug. The yellow one never really fulfilled my expectations. I've yet to come up with a villain as strong as Mr. Gone, although Uncle Freddie seems to have offended the hell out of everybody, so we must be doing something right!

For details, try web pages (see box at end of Mx Trx)! My favorite Maxx web page for details is www.kiva.net/~flint/maxx (aka The Cardboard Box)—try "Maxx Q&A".

There's also a news group that I've been hanging out with; some of the letters in this Mx Trx have been "poached" from there, in fact (hope you don't mind, guys!). For how to join, see end of Mx Trx.

My dearest Folk at the ol' faithful Maxx comic,

You have put out a consistently good comic for a long time now. That alone is impressive. The only person that I can think of that you can be related to in this is Dave Sim: The Man Whom I Have The Most Respect For In The Comic Industry. Now, granted he's been doing his thing for a much longer time than you, but still, the same basic ideal is there.

Bye,
David Allan Dunan
Warrior, AL

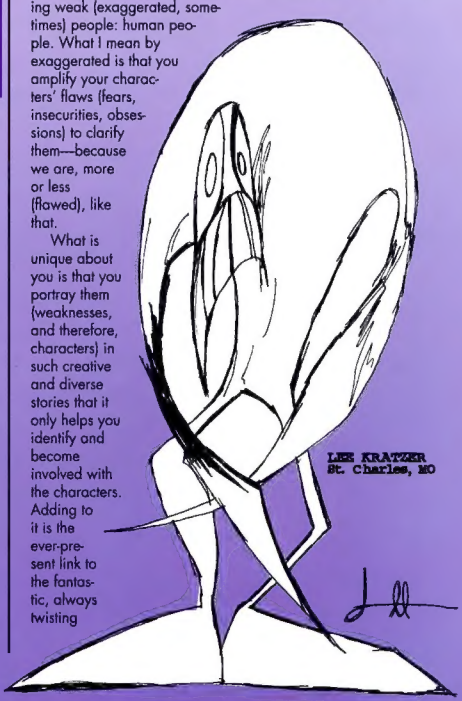
Thanks, man—I respect Dave Sim too for creating his own universe and sticking to it through thick and thin. But my small output pales compared to Sim's volumes of work.

Dear Mr. Kieth,

I've decided to write you after reading #32. Not because of this issue particularly, but because of what it made me realize. I've got most of The Maxx issues, but being the owner of a tiny comics shop in Sao Paulo (Brasil), I must confess I read a lot of comics, like *Bone, Grendel, Invisibles, Cerebus, Concrete*, etc. (the more story-based ones), and if I at least enjoy them, I keep reading. What I'm trying to say is that for some time I've read your book simply because it was enjoyable. You use symbolism as your trademark, personal symbolism to explain the characters' behaviors. While it adds depth, it doesn't guarantee that the reader "gets it". But still, your plot twists and great art (which delayed my discovering of *Sandman*—back then, I just couldn't get through the art) made me go on reading.

But I think we both changed, loosened up a bit. That is, now I see your book as an exercise (yours) of emotional catharsis, pure therapy. And the great part about it is that you make it so interesting that people pay you to read them. You changed from fantastic symbolism to more mundane/ daily symbolism, portraying weak (exaggerated, sometimes) people: human people. What I mean by exaggerated is that you amplify your characters' flaws (fears, insecurities, obsessions) to clarify them—because we are, more or less (flawed), like that.

What is unique about you is that you portray them (weaknesses, and therefore, characters) in such creative and diverse stories that it only helps you identify and become involved with the characters. Adding to it is the ever-present link to the fantastic, always twisting



and refreshening the plot and helping introduce new characters. This final ingredient is, I think, what makes The Maxx so much better than FOM. For me, FOM was too over the top in neurosis and flaws, without the fantasy part to counterbalance it.

What can I say—you got me hooked on your characters. Your book was never close to bad, it only works better for me now. It is not only enjoyable, it's worth waiting for (a rarity nowadays), and getting better every month. Keep spilling, and I'll keep reading (enthusiastically).

Alexandre Pill
Sao Paolo, Brasil

Yeah, I spill a bit too much, don't I?

Dear Sam,

There are some parts of The Maxx that I really like, such as after Julie popped off Gone's head, where she and Maxx were sitting together talking. Your storytelling and art do a wondrous job of showing up the character's emotions and inner turmoil. I love the flashback stories and I love FOM because they are simply great stories about human nature, and conflicts and fears that we all share.

On a critical note, there are things I don't like too much about the book. I think sometimes you tend to beat your readers over the head with your symbolism. Symbols are best left vague and enigmatic, whereas you always have some bodhisattva character, like Gone; he gives us a play-by-play analysis of what each symbol means. It would be better left unsaid. Let the readers make their own interpretation—that's what symbols are about.

Eric Simon

Yeah, you're right. I'll have to watch that. Sometimes I don't trust myself enough as a writer—I get afraid that I haven't gotten my point across. Sigh...

Dear Sam,

How's it going? I believe that I am insane. Your Maxx is one of the things that keep me from cutting off my ear; I mean, it keeps me grounded. I took some art courses in college and I've been into comics for a while. I got into your stuff when I first saw your drawings of Wolverine in Marvel Comics Presents or Marvel Tales. Your art reminds me of Mark Bode's stuff (*Cobalt-60*). Your stuff seems more refined however, it is quite beautiful. I love your landscapes and your colors. I also like your use of watercolor. Your comics are just so rich, I'm surprised that not many people have commented on it in Mx Trx.

Right now I'm working as a Mental Health Worker at Miamonides Mental Health Center; my parents are both psychiatrists, and I hung out with a manic depressant goth-loving Wynona Ryder wannabe. I can tell you that in my expert opinion (nyuk, nyuk), you seem to know what you're talking about with some of your Maxx characters.

Anyway, I just wanted to communicate with you and make sure I thanked you for your work. Keep it up—you're awesome, man.

Maxxhd,
Dario Shuster

Mark Bode, huh? Another great compliment!

Hey—I've hung out with my share of crazies, too. Why, some of my best friends...

Sam,

I've been reading The Maxx for a year or two now (even the letters) and never have I read a letter like K.M.C.'s. I just wanted to tell her she's not alone. I was 17 when I went through a similar incident with a boyfriend I thought I loved and could trust; I was wrong. I imagine it's even harder on her, because she's so much younger than I was and she can't talk to her parents (I could, up to a point, and I had friends).

I'm 25 now and married and although I've never totally forgotten what happened, I feel I've twisted a bad experience into a learning experience. I haven't allowed another person to obsess me so strongly. I've learned to love and still remain myself. I no longer change myself to suit another. If possible, Sam, please give K.M.C. my e-mail address. If she needs a friend, I'd be happy to talk to her. Also, before I forget, MAXX RULES. God, how I love your comic. I loved FOM as well. Don't ever stop making them. (My husband said he will climb a clock tower and START TAKING PEOPLE OUT!!!!!!!!!!) Just kidding (I hope). Anyway, keep it up.

Later,
Liz Cat and Psycho

If K.M.C. will write us again, we'll get your address to her.

Dear Sam,

You don't have to worry, this isn't a letter to bash the story line, or criticize in general. I just wanted to let you know that you are doing an excellent job with Maxx and with publishing. The drawings submitted by fans totally blow me away. I'm glad that you made Maxx, because other than being a story, it has brought together people to a universal truth: love. Some might not like things, but whomever reads this probably likes Maxx just as much as I do, and there's nothing to make me change... except if you killed him off... but FAT chance of that happening. So, kudos on Maxx, and I hope whoever does read this realizes that someone does care about you, even if they don't know you.

Cari Mace
Berkeley, CA

Sam,

Does Lucky Crabs ring a bell? I found it on a cereal box you drew in Maxx #21. Where did you get it from? I was thinking of swiping it (I know, it's bad) from your book, unless there's something else to it.

Jono Dodds

Swipe away. It just popped up out of my ever-lurking subconscious.

Hello Sam (Hi Kathy) Kieth,

First time ever writing a letter to any comic book yadda yadda Love your work you're a phreaking genius so more yaddas and I've got all The Maxx comics except for #22 hmph. Met a very cool pen pal Melanie (Hi Melanie) through your Head to Head, almost moved in with her but I...

I haven't a clue where you're going with your series, but it's better than all of the other superhero comic books on the market—no wait—this isn't a superhero comic, is it? Wait—what kinda comic book is this, anyway? **(Beats me.)**

BTW when are you going to give Julie some artificial fingers for those missing digits of hers?? Oh and little girls don't poop powdered doughnuts—get some help, Sam. Strike that—some quack will probably just put you on lithium and poof no more weird twisted comic book.

OK Guys and Gals, keep up the excellent work!

Joshua Bustillos
El Paso, TX

Hey, buddy, that's all little girls do poop—sweetness and light!

Mr. Kieth,

I'm fed up hearing "Bring back the old Maxx, bring back the old Maxx." Mr. Kieth, you're an author. You choose and imagine the plot, the script and because you own your comic book, you have the director's cut. When I see in ish 31 (and 32) Gone changing Dave into "the old Maxx" and when this "old Maxx" says "Yeah, the old Maxx is back," I say to myself: where the hell are we? This isn't Marvel. It looks like the fans decide for you. I know there is a heroes-reborn-return fashion in the world of comics, but I thought you were much more clever.

For those who don't like the way you choose your script, I'd like to say: the worst is never disappointing.

Long life to the (old) Maxx.
A french fan,
Thomas Riviere

Sometimes fans don't really want things to go back to the way they were—they just want to go back to who they were when they first discovered it.

Dear Sam,

I am among the older generation "fans" of Maxx comic books. Have to travel to get them, but no problem.

I do some art work myself and am proud to say I formed the first Vietnam Vets Art Group in Australia. I have been sending drawings to Chapter 400 of the American Vietnam Vets Assoc. for some 8 years. Also have 48 drawings and 4 paintings in our National War Memorial in Canberra (our capital city).

So mate here's my salute to Maxx from Down Under. Good luck and keep them coming.

Regards,
Peter Moore
Toukley, Australia

Thanks!

Dear The Maxx Production Crew,

"Thank-you" is the only thing that I can say to sum up what I want to say to you guys… but I'm still gonna ramble a bit. Sam, I want to thank you for wonderfully drawn/beautifully painted, cool, believable characters. Kathy, thank you for keeping Sam's butt in line, and most importantly thanks for helping him produce Maxx Traxx. The Maxx would not be The Maxx without his Traxx. I think Trx is so important to this comic; it helps us review and toil over ideas that I, and sometimes you guys don't even think about. I don't know how much it helps you creatively but it sure helps me understand The Maxx better. Traxx provides new views, strange views, opinions and abridged versions of The Maxx books. It's kind of like a sick and twisted Cliff's notes. I also thank the rest of the crew for helping polish up the rough edges to make this the shiniest comic book I've ever read.

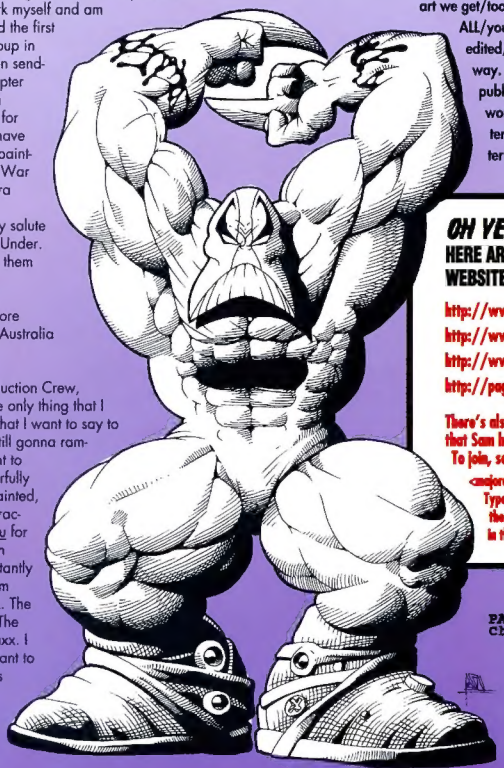
Last but not least, I thank Julie, Maxx, Sara, Mark, Norbert, Gone, isz, fairies, Iago, the Outback, Glorie, Megan, and all your other wonderful characters (even the squished rabbit under the bed, which is my favorite ish by the way) that have helped me pass many a rainy (sunny, heck even partially cloudy) afternoon with wonderful tales and intelligent views which so many other comics lack. Thank you.

Sincerely, in some strangely whacked-out way,
Alan Defibaugh
Brandywine, MD

Yep—Maxx Traxx is vital to this universe. That's why we got so hyperventilated about the p.o. screw-up, and that's why we need everybody to get the word out about the new address. By the way—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!!! And check out the web stuff—it's even more INTIMATE than the book! See you next month. No, next year—no wait—where are we.....???

PS/HOUSEKEEPING DETAILS WE GET ASKED ALL THE TIME:

No subscriptions or retail sales available/sorry. E-mail is cool/include name & city please/we don't print e-mail addresses unless requested. Use "Head-to-Head" to find back issues/fan clubs/whatever (use the address in the indicia)/postcards are cheap and easy like us/WRITE LEGIBLY. No we don't print all the letters or art we get/too many/yes SAM DOES read them ALL/you might get answered or printed or edited/you might not/life's funny that way. b&w art has better chance of being published than color/can't return artwork/sorry. Keep 'em coming/the better the letters and submissions, the better the book!



OH YEAH.

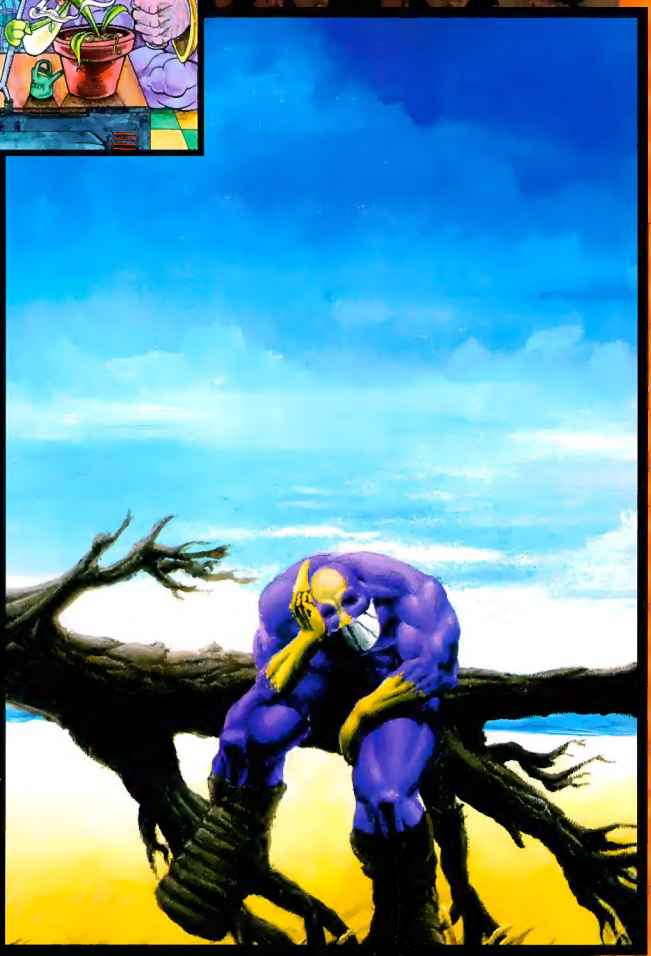
HERE ARE A FEW OF THE MANY COOL WEBSITES PUT TOGETHER BY FANS:

http://www.kiva.net/~flint/maxx
http://www.du.edu/%7Estelse/maxx.html#2
http://www.tamos.net/~maxx
http://pages.prodigy.com/maxx/kieth/htm

There's also a free Maxx newsgroup that Sam hangs out with. To join, send email to <majordomo@oak.oakland.edu> Type in <subscribemaxx> then your e-mail address in the text of your message.

PASCAL SAINT-CLAIR
Chicago, IL

SAM CHAUVIN
Jacksonville, FL



CHRISTOPHER TROUTMAN